The Outlook

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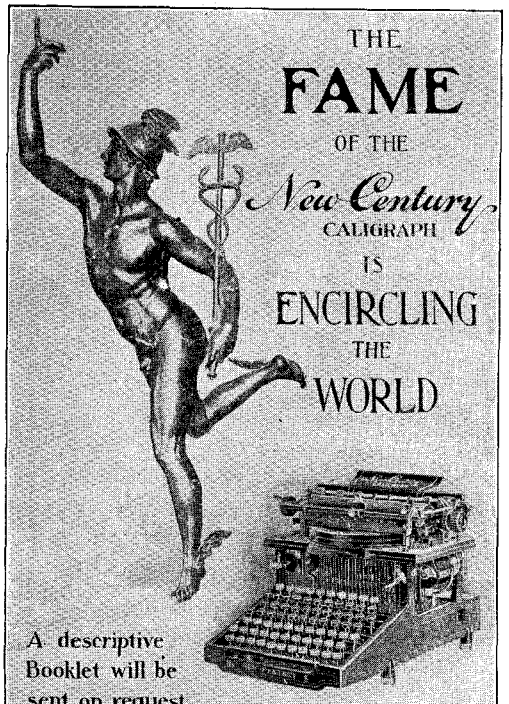

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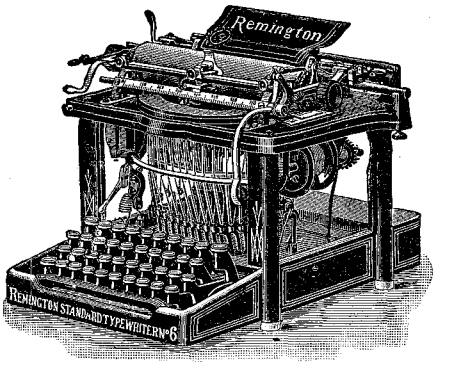

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Congress: Senator Lodge's Plea for the Treaty

The proposal that the Spanish treaty should be discussed by the Senate in open session was warmly urged by many of the opponents of the treaty, but has been defeated by a decisive majority. Nevertheless, the public discussions of the treaty go on, as the various joint resolutions now before the Senate furnish ample opportunity for public addresses covering nearly every phase of the subject. The most interesting debate last week took place on Tuesday. It was opened by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who made a telling speech in favor of the unconditional ratification of the treaty. Senator Lodge took the position that the practical question before the Senate was not the method of governing the proposed territories, but simply and solely the ratification of the treaty. "The treaty," he maintained, "commits us to no policy, to no course of action whatever, in regard to the Philippines. When that treaty is ratified, we have full power, and are absolutely free to do with those islands as we please; and the opposition to the ratification may be summed up in a single sentence, that the American people and the American Congress are not to be trusted with that power." The alternatives were the ratification of the treaty and its rejection. If the treaty was ratified, he believed that the United States would not "attempt to incorporate those islands in our body politic, or make their inhabitants part of our citizenship, or set their labor alongside of ours or within our tariff to compete in any industry with American workmen." If the treaty was rejected, he believed that we would thereby "continue a state of war," and "repudiate the President before the world." "The President," he continued, "cannot be sent back across the Atlantic, in the person of his Commissioners, to say to Spain with bated breath, 'I am here in obedience to the mandate of one-third of the Senate, to tell you that we have been too victorious, that you have yielded us too much, and that I am sorry I took the Philippines from you.' I do not think that any American President would do that, or that any American would wish him to." In conclusion, Mr. Lodge urged that the ratification of the treaty would give us power to give "peace and self-government to the Philippines," while its rejection "made these things impossible."

❀

Congress: Senators Teller and Hoar on Constitutional Limitations

When Senator Lodge had finished, Senator Teller followed in a scholarly argument in support of the proposition that Congress has absolute power to govern Territories as it will, and that the provisions of the Constitution do not extend into Territories until Congress so determines. Beginning with the beginning of our National history, he showed that the treaties for the annexation of new territory, and the acts for the organization of new territorial governments, all contained clauses more or less unnecessary if the Constitution takes effect without Congressional action. In the case of Louisiana and Florida, he pointed out, Congress temporarily gave the President and his appointees absolute control—legislative, judicial, and executive—over the Territories. When Senator Teller had finished his argument, Senator Hoar made reply by admitting that certain constitutional rights could be made effective in Territories only when Congress provided the necessary machinery, but maintaining that there were other rights which Congress could not constitutionally impair. The right to vote and

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the right to jury trial, he said, had to await legislation providing for elections or establishing courts, but the constitutional rights of citizenship, the rights to property and liberty, do not require legislation or mechanism to give them effect, and Congress cannot abridge them. This, said Senator Hoar, was the point of practical importance, "because, if it be true, as I understand great judges of the Supreme Court of the United States have affirmed, that the constitutional rights of American citizenship, so far as they can be enforced without mechanism to enforce them, belong to every person dwelling or born in United States territory, then these ten or twelve million Philippine Islanders not only have their children born with all the rights of American citizenship, but they have a right to go at their will, or the will of an employer, anywhere in the United States." In reply Senator Teller admitted that there were certain rights which "the legislature of a free country is bound to respect," but that the treaty did not make the Filipinos citizens, and that Congress reserved the right to determine whether they should become citizens or not. Senator Hoar then asked which policy was favored by those urging the adoption of the treaty. Senator Teller replied: "I can only speak for myself. I am not in favor of making those people citizens. I am in favor of treating them, not as citizens, but, if you choose—which is rather objectionable in a republic—as subjects, and that we shall, just as soon as possible, give them all the blessings of a free government of their own. I know that there must be military governmen. for a time; but a military government is exceedingly odious to me, and I am anxious to get the treaty ratified so that military government may be ended as speedily as possible."

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Congress: The Army Reorganization Bill

The same subject has been freely discussed in the House, with the Army Reorganization Bill as the text. This bill, it will be recalled, proposed to increase the regular army of the United States from 25,000 men to 100,000. When it came before the House, it was found that the Democrats and Populists, with the exception of Mr. McClellan, of New York, were a unit against it, and that many Republicans believed that it involved the acceptance of the European policy of increased armaments and preparation for war in place of the American policy of reduced armaments and preparation for peace. In vain did the members of the Military Committee urge that a hundred thousand soldiers made a small army for a Nation of seventy million people. The opponents of increase pointed out that its advocates did not admit the desire for an increased army for the repression of discontent at home, and that there was no excuse for holding 75,000 young men in camp life in tropical islands, unless it was proposed to rule those islands against the will of a majority of their inhabitants. The contemplated expenditures, they declared, would make our military expenditures greater than those of either France or Germany. Not only did Democrats and Populists urge these points, but several Republicans openly revolted from the leadership of their colleagues on the Military Committee. Finally the Republican leaders consented to modify the bill by authorizing the President, at his discretion, to keep as few as 50,000 soldiers in the field. Bills leaving the most important matters to the discretion of the President have become popular of late, and it is probable that the measure in its amended form will pass the House by a narrow majority.

❀

Congress: The Army Bill Debate

Several of the speeches made on this Army Bill were really, as has been said, discussions of the pending treaty. On the Democratic side it was made clear that while there was absolute unity against the acquisition of the Philippines, there were many members in favor of the annexation and ultimate Statehood of Porto Rico, and even Cuba, if the inhabitants so desired. On the Republican side, however, unexpected distrust was exhibited of the policy which President McKinley is pursuing. This distrust was voiced by Mr. Johnson, of Indiana, in a speech which stirred the House as nothing else has stirred it during this session. "If the Chief Executive," said Mr. Johnson, "would break his silence and openly state that he did not propose to enslave the people of the Philippines, the present

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strained relations in the islands would cease. There would be no necessity for this proposed increase in the standing army. But this will not be done." "What means," he asked, "this hasty disavowal of Senator Foraker's statement that the Administration had no intention of holding the islands permanently? Why have the President's Commissioners demanded the absolute cession of the islands instead of demanding their evacuation, as they did in the case of Cuba? Why does not Senator Davis, who is in charge of the treaty in the Senate, agree to allow the passage of a resolution disavowing the purpose of the Government to hold the islands permanently? These are patent facts which cannot be dodged. Everything points in one direction—the purpose to annex the Philippines. . . . If William McKinley ever changes this policy, he will bend to the weight of popular opinion, to which he bows, right or wrong." When this charge of vacillation against the President called forth a storm of Democratic applause, Mr. Johnson asked for silence, and Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, interjected, "I should imagine the gentleman could tolerate Democratic applause." To this Mr. Johnson replied: "My party is a means and not an end with me, and when I believe my party is wrong, nothing can make me abate my independent convictions." Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, defended the President. President McKinley's deference to public opinion, said Mr. Dolliver, showed his likeness to Abraham Lincoln. The President, he declared, represented the people. When Mr. Johnson asked if the Administration believed in the forcible annexation of the Philippines, Mr. Dolliver replied that the President was "pressing steadily forward with the inexorable course of human events." When Mr. Johnson asked whether Mr. Dolliver was in favor of the forcible annexation of the Philippines, Mr. Dolliver replied: "I deny that there is any such question before the United States Government."

❀

The Eagan Trial The trial of Commissary-General Eagan by court martial, on charges of conduct not becoming an officer and a gentleman, occupied three days only, and a verdict was reached by the court after very brief deliberation. The verdict has not been made public, but it is generally believed that General Eagan was found guilty of the charges; if so, the sentence of dismissal from the army was inevitable under the law. General Eagan's defense was the claim that, although his paper read before the Army Commission was violent and improper, the provocation was great, and that the charges against him which were implied in General Miles's testimony had so worked upon his mind that he was not responsible even for action so deliberate as the preparation of a long typewritten document. Several witnesses said that General Eagan had acted as if under a great strain, that he declared that General Miles had destroyed his honor and made him out a murderer for gain, and that the public had been made to believe him a thief and a scoundrel. How far this excitement was justified may be judged by reading what General Miles actually said. In the fullest published account of his evidence obtainable it appears that after General Miles had spoken of the refrigerated beef as "embalmed" and stated that the canned beef was condemned by officers whose men had to use it—statements, by the way, which are supported by reports from sixty-three officers, of more than a dozen regiments, which have since been laid before the Commission—he was asked to say by whom that beef was fixed as an army ration, and replied, "You'll have to ask some one here in Washington. You had better ask the Secretary of War or the Commissary-General. It was sent as food. If they hadn't taken that, they would have had to go hungry. If they had sent paymasters down there, as I asked, we could have bought food, but they did not do that." Later, in reply to the question whether reports about the bad beef had been brought to the attention of the Commissary-General, General Miles said, "Reports were frequently sent in to him, but he seemed to insist that the beef be used." These were the only direct references to General Eagan in General Miles's testimony. All of General Eagan's belief that General Miles had charged him with fraud and murder was based on remote inferences drawn, so far as we know, by no one but himself. For the real charge against the War Department is not one of fraud, but of incompetence. As to the alleged

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newspaper interview with General Miles, upon which General Eagan based much of his vulgar vituperation, it was stated by Mr. Worthington (General Eagan's own counsel) that when the newspaper publication was sent to General Miles with the question, "Is that interview correct?" General Miles merely replied with the remark that he had refused to be interviewed. What else should he have said? Is the General commanding the Army of the United States to be publicly called a liar by an officer of inferior rank, with every accompaniment of abuse and foul epithet, because a sensational paper has put words in his mouth? The whole deplorable incident ended by this court martial shows that the difficulty is not merely personal, but that radical faults of organization and administration demand a radical remedy.

❀

Senatorial Elections Last week Senatorial elections were accomplished in the Legislatures of New Jersey, West Virginia, Texas, Nevada, and Montana, but the deadlocks still continued in Delaware, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Utah, Washington, and California. In New Jersey John Kean, a Republican banker and operator in municipal franchises, succeeds Senator Smith, a Democrat. In West Virginia N. B. Scott, a Republican manufacturer, succeeds Senator Faulkner, a Democrat. In Texas ex-Governor Culberson, a Silver Democrat who favors the annexation of Porto Rico and Cuba whenever these islands desire annexation, succeeds Senator Mills, whose vacillations on the silver question made the opposition to his retirement even less than the opposition to his election six years ago. In Nevada the re-elected Senator Stewart is chosen this year as a member of the "Silver" party instead of the "Republican." This party, it should be said, has nothing in common with the Populist party except silver. The Nevada Populists generally regard Senator Stewart as a railroad appointee. In Montana W. A. Clarke, the Democrat who succeeds Senator Mantle, Silver Republican, is a millionaire banker and mine-owner. In Delaware and Pennsylvania the week has brought no news, except that the confident predictions of some of the Quay leaders have not been fulfilled. An attempt to create a rupture between the independent Republicans and the Democrats by a resolution indorsing President McKinley's attitude toward the treaty was defeated by the adoption of an amendment opposing a policy of forcible annexation. In Montana and California the charges of corruption have become more definite and convincing. In Montana the grand jury to which they were referred reported that there was no ground for indictment, but that money had without doubt been used. In California the investigating committee appointed has reported that the Speaker of the House pledged his support to two of the Senatorial candidates to secure his present office, but had previously bound himself to vote for U. S. Grant, Jr., by receiving money from Mr. Grant's managers.

❀

The Roberts Case Resolutions protesting against the seating in Congress of Representative Roberts, the Utah polygamist, have been adopted by the Legislatures of Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas. A petition is being extensively circulated, issued by a Union Ministers' Meeting of Cleveland and by the Cleveland Presbytery, urging that Congress refuse to seat Mr. Roberts on the grounds that he is a high member in and an instrument of the Mormon priesthood; that he is a self-confessed polygamist; that "it is almost beyond doubt that he is sent to Congress as an overt act of covenant-breaking and defiance against the United States by the Mormon leaders;" that "if Mr. Roberts is seated, it will be taken by Mormonism as a great victory over Congress, a notice that Mormon political methods and social scandal are safe from National interference;" and that he is not a citizen of the United States because he has never complied with the provisions of the amnesty proclamations by which alone the polygamists can again become citizens. Of these reasons only the second and last appear to us adequate grounds for asking Congress to refuse to receive Mr. Roberts. That he is a member of the Mormon priesthood is no more a constitutional ground for refusing him a seat than if he were a member of a Dutch Synod or a Congregational Association; that he is sent as an act of defiance against the United States is at most a deduction, and

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the defiance has assumed no treasonable form nor issued in any overt act; and the anticipated conclusion of the Mormons that the seating of Mr. Roberts would be regarded as evidence "that Mormon political methods and social scandal are safe from National interference" would be to a certain extent a just one, since Congress has not any right to interfere with political methods and social scandals in an independent State, if they do not violate the Constitution of the United States. The petition would be stronger with thoughtful men if these clauses had been omitted from it.

❀

What Can Be Done

The true grounds for refusing to seat Mr. Roberts are that he is a self-confessed polygamist, and as such is living in violation of the laws and the Constitution of the State which he desires to represent, and that he is not a citizen of the United States, because he has not complied with the provisions of the amnesty proclamations of January, 1893, and September, 1894. If the facts are as stated, the second reason seems to us quite conclusive. There is possible room for question as to the first of the reasons. It has been argued that Congress can only judge whether the Representative is elected, though it may afterwards, by a two-thirds vote, turn him out of the House for immorality of character. It appears to us, however, very clear that Congress has a right under the Constitution, and ought to exercise that right in this case, to exclude from its halls a man who assumes to represent a State while he is notoriously and openly violating both its laws and the provisions of its Constitution. If, in the period immediately preceding the Civil War, the State of South Carolina had elected a Representative who avowed it to be his purpose to bring about the dissolution of the Union, we cannot doubt the right of Congress to have refused him a seat in its halls with his subsequent increased ability to work for the overthrow of the Union. By a parity of reasoning, it has a right to refuse a seat in its halls to one who openly disregards State and Federal laws, and will use the political advantage which the seat gives him to nullify State and Federal laws. While the case of John Wilkes, brought before the English Parliament in the last century, and the case of Charles Bradlaugh in the latter part of this century, are quite different from that of Mr. Roberts, and while both men were at first refused seats which they finally obtained, so far as the action of an English Parliament throws any light on the rights of an American House of Representatives, it indicates a considerable discretionary power invested in the legislative body in determining the question whom it will admit and to whom it will refuse admission.

❀

The Philippines and Cuba

Very little news from Manila and Iloilo was made public last week. A censorship of the cable has been established at Manila, and of the Government despatches received at Washington only the general tenor is known; that tenor is hopeful; a clash of arms between the insurgents and our troops has not taken place, and, although the situation is still critical, it is improving, and the excitement is in a measure subsiding. Further reinforcements for General Otis will sail very soon from New York and San Francisco, while about three thousand men are now on the way. In Washington a report has been current that a despatch had been intercepted sent by Agoncillo to the insurgent leaders, in which it was intimated that if the latter wanted independence they would better begin fighting before American reinforcements arrive. Agoncillo emphatically denies that he has given any such advice, and the talk of arresting him as a spy seems to have no foundation. In the early part of the week Agoncillo left at the office of the Secretary of State a protest against armed interference by the United States with the Filipino insurgent forces. He asserts that the Philippines are in a state of order, possessing a government satisfactory to their inhabitants, and without an enemy within their borders offering any resistance to its operations, and are at peace with all the world. He adds: "As the representative of the Philippine Government, and as a believer in the humanity of the American people, I find it hard to believe that America has designs on the Philippines."——In Cuba the former leaders of the insurgents are very strongly urging that the Cuban soldiers be paid at once by the United States, and the sum

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spent be made a charge against the Cuban future debt. It is said that the towns and cities would almost unanimously agree to accept such a charge, and that it is for the honor of Cuba that the soldiers who fought against Spain for three years, and indirectly, if not directly, brought about the release of Cuba from Spanish rule, should be paid. Our Government seems inclined to carry out this desire if a just and reasonable way can be found.

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The Congressional Library

The death of Mr. John Russell Young throws upon President McKinley an important responsibility. Mr. Young's appointment as Librarian of Congress was not in the line of the highest bestowal of great public positions. Mr. Young's accomplishments were many, and his ability in various directions was so widely recognized that a good many people were reluctant to comment adversely upon his selection for the position of Librarian of Congress. That position demands, however, not only general ability, but special training; it is a place for an expert of the first rank—a librarian educated for his work, and with a large experience behind him. The Congressional Library has been nobly housed; it is a vast collection of books; it is a National institution, the resources of which are already so great that they can be properly disposed and made accessible only by the highest kind of professional intelligence, while its uses are capable of indefinite extension and development. The country expects the President to select Mr. Young's successor on the ground of professional competency for the position. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in a letter to the New York "Tribune," well says that it is time to secure the adoption of a well-matured plan for the permanent administration of the Library. The suggestion that the Library should be governed, like the Smithsonian Institution, by a Board of Regents, composed in part of public officials and in part of citizens, and that this Board should choose a librarian, and, upon his nomination, his chief assistants and principal subordinates, has been cordially received by many leading Senators and Representatives. Such an administration of the Library would remove it entirely from the sphere of political influence, in which it does not belong, and would tend to the development of the Library along the highest lines of library policy. The Library has outgrown, Dr. Butler tells us, the provisions which now exist for its control. It is too great an organization to be hampered by an inadequate method of government; the time is ripe to give it proper organization, to remove it permanently from the sphere of politics, and to establish it upon a thoroughly scientific foundation.

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The Prison Congress

Stricken and sore after the Civil War, the State of Louisiana found no way to dispose of her criminals save through the horrible lease system, a system so thoroughly scourged by Mr. George W. Cable. When Mr. Cable's first powerful arraignment of that uneconomic and cruel method appeared some years ago, there was great resentment. To-day in his own city his words are quoted approvingly, and the reformers point with pride to the fact that the pioneer in the work of sweeping that curse forever from Louisiana was their distinguished fellow-citizen. But probably the most active aid in securing the constitutional amendment which declares that after 1901 no convict in Louisiana shall ever be leased or hired, was furnished by the meeting of the Conference of Charities and Correction held in New Orleans two years ago. Seed was then sown which grew and matured in that region with almost tropic rapidity, and the result is bringing immense satisfaction to those who are most interested in the welfare of the State. The adjourned meeting of the National Prison Association, which has just been held in New Orleans, was a third significant step in the progress of Louisiana. The Louisiana Prison Association is a well-organized body, made up of the highest dignitaries in the Hebrew, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Churches, who work together in harmony. This in itself is occasion for congratulation. President Gilman prophesied, two years ago, that if such an organization could be effected it would help to bring about the brotherhood of man. The Prison Congress just held was a realization of that prophecy so far as it went. Twelve States were repre-

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sented by more than fifty persons who came for the express purpose of taking part in the proceedings. There was no allusion to sectional differences, but all worked in the utmost harmony. Mr. Michel Hegmann, the chief promoter of the prison work there, was warmly applauded when he said on the closing night: "Men and women all the way from Massachusetts to California, men and women of different political opinions and of different religious beliefs, have come to help us in our work; shall we not shake hands and part with good heart and courage? It has been said that the Spanish war has done more than anything else to unite the North and South, the East and the West; but I believe this beats the Spanish war." A new parish prison was visited with great satisfaction by the Northern visitors, and plans for a new city jail were exhibited, and criticisms and suggestions earnestly solicited. Pleas were made for reformatories for youth and women, none more sincere than by the men and women of the South, whose hospitality to new ideas is as warm as their unfeigned hospitality in their charming homes. With improved sewerage, a good water supply, and repaved streets in the material world, and with her kindergartens for whites and for blacks, and improved methods of dealing with her dependent and delinquent classes, New Orleans will soon take her place among the most attractive cities of the land.

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New York's Rapid Transit Problem

The memorial of the New York Rapid Transit Commission to the State Legislature revives the hopes of those who believe in the public ownership of the great public work in contemplation. The Commission is now embarrassed by the fact that the indebtedness of New York City is only $2,000,000 less than the maximum permitted by the State Constitution. To avoid this embarrassment, three courses are suggested: (1) To wait until the borrowing capacity of the city is sufficiently increased by the reduction of its present debt or the increase of the assessed valuation of real estate; (2) to obtain legislative authority to issue the bonds of the County of New York, which has now a small indebtedness, and might, like the city, assume a debt up to one-tenth of the assessed value of the real estate it contains; (3) to obtain legislative authority to offer the franchise of the proposed railway to private enterprise. The first course, says the Commission, involves less delay than would appear upon the surface. The new assessments of the present year add $421,000,000 to the valuation of the city's real estate, and therefore promise to add about $42,000,000 to the debt which the city may constitutionally assume. Furthermore, the city's sinking fund is accumulating so rapidly as to provide for the retirement each year of $12,000,000 worth of the present bonds, while the new road might be built in three years by the issue of $10,000,000 of bonds each year. Nevertheless, the Commission believes that there are many uncertainties about this course, and that its powers should be enlarged to avoid possible delays. The suggestion that it should be allowed to issue bonds of the County of New York is, for some unexplained reason, opposed by Comptroller Coler, who is *ex officio* one of the Commission. The Commission points out that the proposed addition to the debt of the county is purely nominal, since the law provides that the road cannot be constructed unless it can be leased for a term of years at a rental sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds and create a sinking fund for their retirement. Regarding the third course open to the city—the construction of the road by private capital—the Commission points out that no private corporation is likely to bind itself to construct a system unless it is given a perpetual charter. If the city grants such a charter, it not only reverses the policy adopted by its voters regarding the underground system, but also the policy embodied in the provision of its charter limiting franchise grants to twenty-five years. "Quite apart from these considerations," says the Commission, "it is perfectly safe to say that in the course of fifty years the certain growth of the city's population will so increase the earning capacity of such a road that its value will be far greater than its original cost. The effect of permitting construction by private capital would, therefore, be to surrender to individuals an asset which might be made a valuable addition to the property of the

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people of the whole city. The former city of New York, in its ownership of markets and docks, exemplifies the wisdom of pursuing the plan of municipal ownership."

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The Smoke Nuisance The Outlook has received during the past few weeks, from a number of its readers, reports of the prosecutions of offenders in various localities against regulations prohibiting the use of soft coal, or compelling the use of smoke-consumers. These various reports show that public attention is being called to the smoke nuisance, and that there are practical ways of dealing with that nuisance, especially in its initial stages. The Outlook has called attention to the group of chimneys pouring out black smoke on the New Jersey side of the harbor and at one or two localities in the city. The number of chimneys which are defiling the sky of the metropolis from the Brooklyn side of the harbor is increasing; and the Health Board of that city is apparently failing to do its duty in the matter. This Board, it is alleged, has failed to discover violators of the smoke ordinance and to secure evidence against them. Mr. Tully, the Secretary of the Law Enforcement Society, has, by formal communication, called the attention of the Sanitary Department of Brooklyn to the many complaints which are being made in regard to the burning of soft coal in large establishments—a consumption which is steadily increasing, and which has already become offensive. Mr. Tully recalls the fact that this is in violation of the law, and that the Sanitary Superintendent of the Borough has a right to enforce the law, and has the organization at his command to prosecute lawbreakers. He declares that the Sanitary Department has made many promises that this nuisance should be abated, but that heretofore these promises have not been kept. The Sanitary Department may have a proper defense to make, but it is gratifying to note that a group of private citizens is awake to the importance of preserving clear skies and fresh air in the affiliated cities. So soon as public action becomes general, there will be no difficulty about securing the enforcement of ordinances and regulations.

The State Factory Inspector's Report: Garment-Workers The New York State Factory Inspector, in his annual report just issued, states that one-seventh of the workers employed in all the industries of this State are garment-makers; they number 103,544 persons, of whom 47,004 are women, 57,540 are men. The Inspector states that of this number the custom workers are an insignificant fraction. Of the entire number engaged in this industry, 83,004 live in the consolidated city of New York. Of the entire number employed, 1,219 are under sixteen years of age. The millions of dollars invested in this industry provide, as is shown, for the employment of over one hundred thousand people, proving it one of the most important industries of the State. While there is a marked improvement in the sanitary conditions under which workers live, the need of more inspectors is urgent. The report says:

> The main danger to the public comes from filth and disease. . . . Under existing conditions we can reach and regularly inspect places of this character only once in the year, except in cases where complaint is made, and then only the place complained of is revisited. Constant attention, frequent visiting, watching, and prodding, are necessary to force those engaged in the making of ready-made clothing to understand and fully realize just what is meant by the American idea of cleanliness of workshop and person. The Department needs more inspectors to properly enforce the tenement-house inspection law.

A change must be made in the law so as to increase the facilities and the authority of the Department, that it may prevent many of the evils which it is now engaged in trying to abolish. The Statutory Revision Commission is now engaged in correcting a bill drawn by the Inspector. This bill embodies the best features of the law found so effective in the Massachusetts Department of Labor Inspection. It provides for the classification and licensing by the Department of Labor of all buildings erected for manufacturing purposes.

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Child Labor That part of the report relating to the employment of children under sixteen calls attention to the need of greater protection of the children of the State. The law regulating their employment in workshops is well

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enforced, only nine illiterates having been found in the clothing industry. The total number of children employed in the State is 13,086, an increase over last year, but almost wholly outside of New York City; and of the increase of 2,112, 1,581 are in other industries than the clothing trade. The Inspector urges more stringent laws regulating the employment of children in, on, or about dangerous machinery. The cordial co-operation of the superintendents of schools throughout the State and the factory inspectors has resulted in a better enforcement of the factory laws and the compulsory education laws. The report deplores the fact that, because of local influence, the mercantile labor law relating to the employment of children is almost a dead letter. This law is administered under the Health Department, whose efficiency and activities have been very greatly restricted in New York through lack of funds to provide inspectors for mercantile establishments. The Inspector asks for greater authority for the Department in the inspection of boilers and the licensing of the men in charge—authority now given to the same department in Massachusetts. Thirty-nine per cent. of the boilers in manufacturing establishments were neither insured nor inspected —a great and wholly unnecessary risk to human life.

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The Outlook in Paris

Two new occasions of disturbance have made their contribution during the past week to the general complexity and perplexity of the Dreyfus case. The first of these was the trial of the case brought by the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, who committed suicide some time ago, after a confession of forgery, against a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who is also an editor, for libeling the dead officer by calling him a traitor. The counsel for the accused deputy and editor was probably justified in declaring that the suit was the work of a political party, and was a desperate attempt to influence the verdict of the Court of Cassation. A much more serious cause of disturbance, however, was the action of the Cabinet, which on Monday of this week submitted a bill to the Chamber of Deputies providing that cases of trial revisions shall be brought before the united sections of the Court of Cassation. It will be remembered that the Dreyfus revision is being conducted by the criminal section of the Court; and that M. de Beaurepaire, the President of the civil section, recently resigned, and proceeded at once to attack his associates. Reciting this extraordinary bit of recent history, the preamble of the bill introduced by the Cabinet declares, it is reported, that it will not be wise to intrust the judgment of the Dreyfus affair to the criminal section alone. This unexpected interference by the Government with the trial of the cause now pending before the criminal section of the Court of Cassation is interpreted as foreshadowing a decision favorable to Dreyfus, and a determination on the part of the Cabinet to prevent such a conclusion of the case. There would seem to be, at this distance, and with such information as has come to hand, no other possible interpretation of the action of the Government. It must be remembered, however, in justice to the Cabinet, that our knowledge of the grounds of their action is very limited, and that they have a right to be heard in their own defense. If the Ministers are not proceeding on broad grounds of public policy, but are attempting to interfere with the course of justice, they are inflicting a very serious blow upon the honor and prestige of France. After many months of the most courageous agitation, the conscience of France has made itself heard; and there has been a good prospect of a straight course out of the jungle of deceit and chicanery in which the secret of the Dreyfus matter has been hidden. France can never be respected abroad, nor respect herself, until she has gotten to the bottom of this matter. It has become a life-and-death struggle between the best and the worst elements in the French State. If the Government has decided to throw its influence with those who are determined to keep up the farce, it has signed its own death-warrant; for, sooner or later, even in the Dreyfus case, the truth will out. While such a core of corruption exists, no State can live a normal life. It is much to be hoped that France may rid herself of this terrible core of disease without the surgery of revolution. Under the circumstances, the proposal of the Government is in itself revolutionary.

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Incidents in Paris In connection with the report of the authorized expression of the policy of Prince Victor Bonaparte which appeared in these columns last week, it is interesting to note that, by a significant coincidence, the appearance of that declaration was accompanied in Paris by the hawking of biographies of Napoleon in the streets, by a sudden demand for photographs of the Bonaparte family, and by the production of a play glorifying the Bonaparte tradition. This play, says the London "Spectator," which reports these facts, was rapturously cheered by the great majority of the audience. On Friday night of last week there was another Bonapartist demonstration in a theater, which bore evidence of careful preparation. Such manifestations as these in Paris may mean much or little. If there were any reality in the Bonaparte tradition, they would mean much; but that tradition has been so terribly tarnished that it has almost lost its old spell, even for Frenchmen of the mercurial type. The astounding insolence of the army, which is made possible by the popular idolatry, was illustrated anew not long ago, when the fact came to light that General Zurlinden, the Military Governor of Paris, had ordered the officer in command of the gendarmes who protect the Court of Cassation to send him a daily report on the conduct of the Judges. This is surely one of the most extraordinary bits of contemporary history in France, it is a piece of impudence which can be explained only by the very unusual circumstances in which the French people find themselves.

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England and France It is to be noted as one of the auspicious signs of the times that the tension between England and France has also been sensibly diminished, and there is a growing feeling, especially among the English Liberals, that if France is to make concessions, England must also make them. Lord Salisbury and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, are working together for the purpose of securing a settlement of all open questions between the two nations. These questions relate chiefly to the old French rights in Newfoundland and to the French claims in Central Africa. In regard to both these claims the French are showing a very conciliatory spirit, and are evoking the same spirit in England. The suggestion has frequently been made of late in the latter country that the retirement of France from the Nile Valley should be met by a recognition of her claims to certain territories in the Congo region, and that the surrender of French rights in Newfoundland should be accompanied by a generous monetary compensation. It is true of nations as of men that frankness, conciliation, and fairness of temper evoke kindred qualities in an antagonist, and that the best way to secure justice is to present claims and press them in a spirit of justice.

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The Czar and the English Liberals The Czar's proposal for what may be called a "Peace Conference" is evidently making a deep impression in England, and has exerted a most beneficent influence throughout Europe. Even those who regard the Czar's programme as entirely impracticable are forced to consider the question seriously when the greatest war-lord in Christendom deliberately suggests the beginning of disarmament. If the peoples of Europe could be reached, there is no doubt that they would bring influences to bear on the different Governments which would compel hospitality toward the Czar's suggestion. In England, where public opinion is better informed and finds more ready expression than in any other country in Europe, not only has something like a concerted attempt been made to re-enforce the Czar's attitude with an expression of the best English opinion, but there has been a noticeable lessening of the strain between the two Governments, and a disposition to secure a working agreement. England and Russia have been facing each other so long in the Far East that suspicion and jealousy have come to surround the movements of both Governments. The purposes of the English in China are not entirely altruistic; but there is a growing feeling that there is room for the expansion of the interests of both countries, and that a clear agreement upon the relative claims of the two countries would be far better than the series of alternate diplomatic sorties and surprises which have characterized the last few years. The English

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Liberals, especially, through such leaders as Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who is to be their leader in the House of Commons, have committed themselves to the policy of frankness and conciliation with Russia, and to the strongest support in a practical way which England can give to the Czar's project in the direction of peace. There is a growing feeling, not only in favor of checking the growth of armaments, and, if possible, of reducing them, but also in favor of some kind of international tribunal which should at least prevent the precipitation of war by outbursts of passion between the different countries, a tribunal which should give time for second thought.

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Extend Local Option

It is reported that Senator Raines, of this State, is proposing to amend the so-called Raines Law by abolishing the privilege which that law now gives to hotels to sell intoxicants on Sunday, and thus prohibiting all sales of intoxicants in all parts of the State and under all circumstances. There is no doubt that this permission has led to a great deal of fraud, false pretense, and flagrant vice. Liquor-shops that were not hotels have put up beds enough to comply with the conditions of the law and make themselves into bogus hotels, and then, having the equipment, have used it for vicious purposes, since there were no legitimate purposes for which it could be used. Thus hotel, saloon, and house of prostitution have become synonymous terms in some sections of our great cities; and the law itself, by a perfectly natural process, has become equally hated by law-breakers and law-observers.

But we think that Mr. Raines will make a mistake if he proposes, and the Legislature will make a mistake if it adopts, the amendment which is attributed to him. What the Legislature should do is to extend, not the Sunday legislation, but the principle of local option. The present law allows the people of the rural towns to vote against any sale of intoxicants in their township. The same privilege should be granted to the people of the cities, and it should be extended so as to allow them to vote on the question whether intoxicants may be sold on Sunday or not. There are a great many people in our cities who do not approve of the open saloon, but who also do not approve of having the saloon closed by a vote of country districts whose inhabitants know little about city conditions and care less. There are a great many persons who do not believe in Sunday sale of liquor, who still less believe in having St. Lawrence County determine whether the people of New York County may buy beer on Sundays. They disapprove of drunkenness or even of drinking, but they resent interference by foreign communities in the administration of their own local affairs. The method which has been pursued of enforcing on the cities the sentiment of the country has not only solidified the vote of all the saloon-keepers, and added to it the vote of all the drinkers, but has also considerably increased the so-called saloon vote by the vote of men who are neither drinkers nor saloon-keepers, but who believe in local liberty. It is always wise, in the conduct of any cause, to pursue a policy which will unite its friends and divide its enemies. In the temperance cause a policy has been too often pursued which has divided the friends and united the enemies. What we want in New York State is an extension of the principle of local option. Permission should be given to the people of the smaller cities, and, in the larger cities, to the people of each ward or election district, to vote yes or no on the following propositions:

1. Shall liquor be sold not to be drunk on the premises?

2. Shall liquor be sold to be drunk on the premises?

3. Shall liquor be sold on Sundays between one P.M. and midnight?

The question whether liquor shall be sold by druggists on the prescription of a physician should not be left to local option. It should not be in the power of the majority to prohibit the minority from getting alcohol as a medicine when a physician prescribes it; but the law should provide a severe penalty for the sale of liquor without a prescription, and for a pretended prescription by any one who is not a regular physician.

The effect of such an extension of local option as this would be different in different localities. In some wards liquor would be sold by the bottle, by the glass, and on

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Sundays; in some, by the bottle and by the glass, but not on Sundays; in some, by the bottle but not by the glass; and there is a reasonable ground for the belief that in some residential wards all sale of liquor would be absolutely prohibited. And in every locality a fair opportunity would be afforded, whenever the issue was presented (which ought not to be oftener than once in three years), to conduct a house-to-house canvass in favor of total or partial prohibition, a canvass the incidental effects of which in the cause of temperance would be even greater than the direct effects in the cause of temperance legislation.

It may be further claimed on behalf of this method that it would enable all the elements in favor of municipal reform in our great cities to unite, since by such policy the liquor question would be taken out of State politics and the reform elements would no longer be held responsible for attempting to enforce upon a reluctant people laws which seem to them both unreasonable and unjust.

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Senators and Legislatures

Two of the most interesting speeches recently delivered in Congress were those of the two Senators from California upon the resolutions unanimously adopted by the California Legislature, instructing them to support the treaty and vote against any amendment thereto. These resolutions were in answer to a letter from Senator Perkins expressing his belief that Senators were in duty bound to represent the people of their States, but urging in strong terms that the acquisition of the Philippines would add an unassimilable element to our population, would require a great increase in our army and our military expenditures, would expose our farmers and laborers to the competition of the servile labor of the Orient, and would involve the abandonment of Washington's precept to avoid entanglements in the Old World's conflicts. Mr. White, who had not joined his colleague in requesting the instructions of the Legislature, but who, like his colleague, favored an amendment of the treaty so as to prevent the cession of the Philippines, declared in the Senate that he did not feel in any manner bound by the instructions. "It is undoubtedly true," he said, "that Senators are the agents, in a qualified sense, for the time being, of the people of their State, but their agency involves discretion." The votes of the California Legislature, he urged, illustrate that Senators cannot be governed by legislative instructions. In 1893 both parties in the California Legislature voted in favor of the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. Two years later a majority of the Republicans and all the Democrats voted against it. In 1895 the Republican Legislature instructed its Senators to vote for the free coinage of silver; at the present time no such instructions were possible. "If the public are to be appealed to," said Senator White, "it is imperative that there should be a vote, that mistakes should be avoided. There is no law for this, nor should I favor such an enactment. I regret beyond the power of expression the present situation, but I must meet the present problem without, as I view it, being faithless to my trust and my manhood." Senator Perkins said in reply: "I believe this to be a representative government in the broadest acceptation of the term. My first duty is to represent the people of my State and of the country, and when I have ascertained what their sentiments and wishes are, I should be false to my position and I should retire from it if I could not carry out their wishes. I believe in carrying out after election just what I promised before—that when I heard and knew the expressed will of the majority of my people, I would obey their instructions or I would return to them the power which they temporarily delegated to me."

These facts present the issue between two conceptions of democratic government. The antithesis between them is not often so clearly presented in a concrete case. Doubtless the Fathers expected, not that the people would directly determine the great political questions concerning National policy and National destiny, but would elect wise men who would, as experts, determine these questions for the Nation. The tendency of the last century, however, both in this country and in England, has been away from their conception and toward democracy pure and simple. This tendency is strikingly illustrated by the change which

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has taken place in the election of the President. The Fathers did not expect that the people would elect the President, but that in different localities they would select the wisest and best men, who would come together and choose the President for the people. In fact, the people elect the President themselves, and the Electoral College is a purely formal organization to give effect to their decision. In a somewhat similar manner the people, in conventions, assemblies, local associations, clubs, and street and parlor discussions, come to a decision on such questions as, What shall be the currency? What the system of taxation? Shall the Nation have colonies or not? etc., etc., and send to Congress men, not to determine these questions for them, but to put the decisions of the people into effect, by formulating them in legislation. Congressional debates are far less important than they once were, and the object of the speaker is not to influence the vote in Congress, but to influence the public opinion in his district. The House of Representatives is almost purely a business organization, whose work is done in committees, and this is coming to be the case also in the Senate. Senator Perkins frankly recognizes this change, and holds himself obliged to carry out the decision of his State when it is clearly ascertained and definitely announced. Senator White does not recognize this claim, but holds himself elected by the State, not to carry out its will, but to exercise his own judgment on its behalf. Either is a consistent and honorable position. Whether the reader will think the tendency to transfer political deliberations and true legislative functions from Congress to the people, with an accompanying tendency to convert Congress into a mere business body to carry out the will of the people, is progress or degeneracy, will depend upon the question whether he has greater faith in the leaders or in the common people. As our faith in the common people is greater than our faith in leaders, we regard it as progress. And we hope to see the time when Senators will be elected by direct vote of the people, and when, by a referendum, the people of the State can express their judgment on current questions for the information, if not the instruction, of their Senators.

Thoroughness

A striking testimony to the thorough methods of investigation employed by Mr. George Kennan in Siberia is found in the current "Atlantic Monthly." Prince Kropotkin, in his immensely interesting "Autobiography of a Revolutionist," tells of his own stay in Siberia as a military officer in 1862, and of the state of things that then existed. He adds:

When Kennan came back to London from his journey to Siberia, he managed, on the very next day after his arrival in London, to hunt up Stepniák, Chaykóvsky, myself, and another Russian refugee. In the evening we all met at Kennan's room in a small hotel near Charing Cross. We saw him for the first time, and, having no excess of confidence in enterprising Englishmen who had previously undertaken to learn all about the Siberian prisons without even learning a word of Russian, we began to cross-examine Kennan. To our astonishment, he not only spoke excellent Russian, but he knew everything worth knowing about Siberia. One or another of us had been acquainted with the greater proportion of all political exiles in Siberia, and we besieged Kennan with questions: "Where is So-and-So? Is he married? Is he happy in his marriage? Does he still keep fresh in spirit?" It was soon evident that Kennan knew all about every one of them.

When this questioning was over, and we were preparing to leave, I asked, "Do you know, Mr. Kennan, if they have built a watch-tower for the fire brigade at Chitá?" Stepniák looked at me, as if to reproach me for abusing Kennan's good will. Kennan, however, began to laugh, and I soon joined him. Amidst our hearty laughter we tossed each other questions and answers: "Why, do you know about that?" "And you, too?" "Built?" "Yes, double estimates!" and so on, till at last Stepniák interfered, and in his most severely good-natured way objected: "Tell me at least what you are laughing about?" Whereupon Kennan told the story of that watch-tower, which his readers must remember. In 1859 the Chitá people wanted to build a watch-tower, and collected the money for it; but their estimates had to be sent to St. Petersburg. So they went to the Minister of the Interior; but when they came back, two years later, duly approved, all the prices for timber and work had gone up in that rising young town. This was in 1862, while I was at Chitá. New estimates were made and sent to St. Petersburg, and the story was repeated for full twenty-five years, till at last the Chitá people, losing patience, put in their estimate prices nearly double the real ones. These fantastic estimates were solemnly considered at St. Petersburg, and approved. This is how Chitá got its watch-tower.

This thoroughness and this patience in studying and sifting facts are now being

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equally exercised by Mr. Kennan in Cuba, and the results will soon be given to the readers of The Outlook.

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The Pains of Growth

It is customary to speak of the period of youth as if it were one of unalloyed pleasure. To the man who finds his imagination becoming dull, his senses losing their zest, and the glow fading from the world, the years when prose ran easily into poetry and the commonplace was touched with romance lie in the past, beautiful in the vanishing morning light; their sorrows forgotten, their failures concealed, and nothing bequeathed to the memory save that which was fair and sweet. But youth has its clouds no less than age, its sorrows not less keen than those of maturity, its bitterness of baffled effort, and its anguish of repentance. Indeed, it is a question whether, to sensitive youth endowed with the great and perilous gifts of passion and imagination, there is not more of suffering and less of comfort than fall to the lot of the mature. There is, for all ardent young spirits, that pain of undeveloped and undirected force which is the pain of growth.

The very process of growth involves a certain kind of suffering from which no one who cares to live shrinks, but which is none the less real because not unmixed with joy. The eager traveler is never at rest until the end of his journey is in sight; it may be that the journey is far richer in interest and emotion than the place in which it ends, but no one whose wallet is strapped about his waist and whose staff is in his hand is ever content; there is always a feeling of restlessness, a half-conscious discontent, until travel ends in possession. In youth all things are yet to be achieved; nothing has been done; the goals are far distant; the sun is hardly above the horizon; the way is unknown. There is the elation of the first setting out, the freshness of the early day, the beauty of flowers still sweet with the dews and fragrance of the night, the consciousness of unused strength, the mysterious invitation of the future; but there are also the sense of detachment from all the things which surround one, the feeling of unreality which comes and goes and makes youth at times all action and at times all dreams, the uncertainty which has its roots in lack of adjustment between undeveloped powers and capacity and aptitude, and objects and aims and methods which are still undiscovered.

Through this beautiful, elusive, half-veiled world the young traveler moves with eager feet, uncertain of himself, of his future, of time and tide and fortune; longing for action and yet lost in dreams, in a world which seems to be as solid as rock and yet which recedes, dissolves, and forms anew as he advances. Then comes the long education which makes him master of himself and of the world through knowledge of his force and his limitation and of the reality and the unreality of the things about him. His vision slowly becomes clear, his arm is strengthened for his toil, his hands are fitted to his work; he knows his place, his time, and his task; uncertainty vanishes and the landscape lies clear and sharply defined about him. And every stage in this complicated development of a personality and in its adaptation to its environment has been accomplished in pain and, at times, in anguish of spirit. When this harmony between the worker and work has been secured, the pain of youth ceases; but the pain of growth—the pain of immortality—knows no cessation. The smaller world which the senses discern is explored and, in a way, mastered; but, blending with it in mysterious unity and separation, there grows upon the vision that other and vaster world in which the spirit seeks its home and to which it turns with despairing passion of need and hope as the years go by. The first adjustment, between the worker and the work, is soon accomplished; the second adjustment, between the spirit and the ends and aims and realities that are out of sight of the eyes but never beyond the vision of the soul, knows no completion. The youth hears all manner of enchanting voices as he goes on his way—voices that charm his ear and echo with a subtle resonance in his soul; the man becomes aware more and more of the thinness of the veil which, like an exquisite, sensitive, magical web of seasons and songs and stars and occupations and tasks and experiences, hangs between him and the invisible—moved at times quietly and silently by the wind of

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mortality; lighted sometimes as if luminous figures were stirring behind it; darkened sometimes as if there were a sudden veiling of the glory within; thin at times almost to the point of revelation, and dense at times as if it had become an impenetrable wall. In the life of the man there is this steady clearing of the vision; this growing light in the uncertainty of the dawn; this deepening consciousness of the spirit behind the form, the truth behind the fact, the power behind the symbol, the spiritual behind the material.

This putting on immortality by mortality, this slow and silent disclosure of a larger world about the lesser one, this finer adjustment of the soul to two worlds which are never wholly harmonious, is accomplished through works, sorrows, visions, and experiences which are never free from pain. The way of life is always the way of the cross, because the possession of every higher perception involves the loss of a lower one, the gaining of every new conception of love the going of something dear and sweet and familiar, the forming of every spiritual tie the breaking of an earthly one. As we advance in the consciousness of spiritual realities we detach ourselves more and more from the things about us. All real living moves in a series of changes from a lower to a higher conception of the relation, the work, or the possession; and all change in the ways and things we love is full of pain. It is this silent but compelling power in the world, steadily driving us forward, which evidences the presence of divinity in the ordering of our lives. Nothing which comes into our hands quite satisfies us; for noble possession always involves spiritual recognition of the gift, and with spiritual perception comes a new sense of values and obligations. Nothing satisfies because nothing is complete or finished; neither our capacity for receiving nor the gift which is bestowed upon us. In the exact degree in which we are worthy of a great possession are we unable to rest in it; there is that in it and in us which discloses new possibilities of joy, and therefore of service. No man of conscience or imagination can be content with his work, however men may praise it, because as he works his vision of what he may achieve with heart and skill grows clearer; no man can be satisfied with his life, however rich and full, because, as a man's life deepens and widens, its needs grow vaster and nobler; nor can any man be satisfied with the love he bestows or receives, however fortunate his lot, because the very act of loving increases the capacity for loving; and as love grows deep and tender, it seeks, by the law of its nature, higher unity of spirit with spirit and the opportunity of more complete sacrifice and surrender. So the immortal within grows by all contacts with the mortal, and every relation, work, duty, and pleasure has that within it which will not let us rest either in attainment or possession.

Through this necessity, hidden in the heart of all true relations and wholesome experiences, to find realization in terms of the spirit a constant purification is effected. Love begins in passion, and ends in sacrifice and spiritual surrender; work begins in ambition, and ends in service; the traveler sets out to make a way for himself and serve his own ends, and becomes a humble seeker after the ways of duty and the will of God. The history of humanity is touched and turned to light through all its tortuous and sorrowful course by this silent transformation of the mortal desire into the immortal achievement. The youth hears the voice of fame and presses toward it with eager feet; the man struggles with his own sluggish will, his inert fingers, his uncertain visions, until the applause of his fellows is only faintly heard and he cares supremely to do his work with the skill of perfect insight and perfect craftsmanship harmonized in indissoluble union. It is a great price which he pays for the education which makes him an artist; for all education costs in exact proportion to the dignity and significance of the work which it fits a man to do. And all education is, in a true sense, painful. It is the travail of the spirit through which a finer life is being born; and since, for those who live truly and deeply, life is always growing in depth and power and reality and vision, the pangs of birth are never absent; for true living is being born daily into newness of life.

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Books and Authors

A Notable History [1]

In that excellent series, "Ten Epochs of Church History," we find the volume entitled "The Age of the Renascence" more than a mere account of one epoch of such history. The Rev. Dr. Paul van Dyke's notable volume is quite as much the story of society during the intensely interesting period between 1377 and 1527; it is "a view of a single act in the great life-drama of humanity," an act covering the transformation of the mediæval into the modern world. In one moderately sized, well-printed volume any record of social and literary and political as well as of religious progress must needs be undetailed, yet we find ourselves wishing that even under these conditions some scant space might have been found for recording the influence of painters and sculptors and for chronicling the growth of university life. What is of greatest moment, however, receives largest space, as is its due—the spread of humanism or the New Learning. The addition of a short bibliography of more detailed works on the period from the Papal return from Avignon to the sack of Rome would have helped the student. Events crowd in fast one upon another; the chronicling is perforce condensed, but is never unvivacious. Date indentations at the top or side of the pages would not have been out of place. Our author's chronicling is far removed from dry-as-dustness; his is a real story; pity it is that the publishers have thought fit to bind it and the other volumes of the series in imitation leather covers.

The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke contributes an illuminative preface. The preparation of the volume had been proposed to him; he had undertaken it; then, owing to the demands of other duties, he had sought the consent of his brother to make the volume a joint labor of authorship. At length the execution of the plan was committed to the younger Van Dyke, whose extensive studies in Church history fitted him for the completer accomplishment of the task. Dr. Henry van Dyke thus sets forth the purpose and method of the volume: "Abstract theories of the nature of the Church troubled us little. Special pleading for or against the Papacy disturbed us even less. The question of absorbing interest was not, What ought the Church to be in a correct scheme of doctrine? but, What was the Church in the natural unfolding of human life?" The answer to this question is, of course, the book itself.

Our historian reviews the three forces which had already begun to remake the world during the time when the Popes held court at Avignon—the new patriotism, the new democracy, the new learning. Then follows a deeply interesting account of the efforts to reform the Church from within; of the English reforms under Wiclif and the Lollards, the French under Ailly and Gerson, the Bohemian under Huss and Jerome of Prague, the Italian under St. Catharine of Siena and Savonarola. Now comes the movement outside the Church. The instrument of its preparation was that change in the elements of thought and society which had made a new birth in the world's life. This new birth did everything for the Reformation; it sharpened the weapons, not only the religious weapons, but also the literary, philosophical, political, for the reforming age. Dr. van Dyke reminds us that neither the protesting Reformation of Luther nor the Catholic counter-reformation of Trent would have been possible but for the victory of the New Learning over the traditions of scholarship. Finally, Luther, Faber, and Tyndale gave the Bible to the common people of Germany, France, and England, and the issue, brought into clear view by the new-birth age, was distinctly defined: "Must a man believe what the Church teaches, no matter what the Bible says, or must the Church teach what men really believe, reading the Bible anew in the light of reason and the moral sense?"

Dr. van Dyke's style is admirable in its concise precision; occasionally, however, it runs against the snags of dubious relative antecedents, and there are occa-

[1] *The Age of the Renascence.* By Paul van Dyke. With an Introduction by Henry van Dyke. The Christian Literature Company, New York. $1.50.

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sional split infinitives. It is a style, nevertheless, often crisp and nervous and clear as crystal. True, it has not the smoothness nor does it diffuse in the reader's mind that serenity which one finds in Symonds or Yriarte, who have more magistrally described this fascinating and vital epoch. Dr. Paul van Dyke's book is emphatically one to be read in connection with any study of the age, and there are certain descriptions in that book sure to stick in the memory. Take this, for instance: "When Wiclif stepped out of his study, he showed the man behind the great scholastic. The traditional logic of his class bore him at times, with the clumsy gallop of an animated hobby-horse, whither he would not. But when he dismounted he could give effect to the keen common sense of his practical judgment in phrases which spoke to the noble and the ploughboy—phrases which smote spiritual wickedness in high places like winged arrows of the wrath of God."

As in other histories, here, too, we find more than once a parallel between aforetimes and now. The Spanish idea of government does not seem to have changed much. Describing the Spaniard, Calixtus III., our author remarks that "a host of Spanish poor relations and hungry adventurers flocked to Rome and filled the streets with Spanish dress and speech. The police courts fell into their hands, and the swaggering adherents of the Bullshead (the weapon of the Borgias) terrorized the citizens and made the name of the Catalans hated. One of these lusty young voluptuaries, thus foisted into the highest offices of the Church, was to become Alexander VI. and the father of Cæsar Borgia." We also note that in the fifteenth century "not even the fear and hatred of the Turk could bring Europe to accord. The jealousies of factions enabled him to gain a foothold in Europe, even as the jealousy of nations now permits him to sterilize his dominions with a feeble tyranny."

The lesson for Church history of all this bigoted yet brilliant, sad yet hopeful, wicked yet regenerating period is to be learned also in every other period—a lesson hardly yet comprehended, apparently, by most theological seminaries. It is that there is no ecclesiastical apart from secular history. As Dr. Henry van Dyke impressively says: "The fortunes of the Church as an institution depend upon the same laws which God has implanted in all human society. The church which rests upon authority alone must take its chances with the other dynasties. No appeal to the supernatural can shield its pretensions from the searching tests of reason and conscience."

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending January 20. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Story of the Civil War: A Concise Account of the War in the United States of America Between 1861 and 1865. By John Codman Ropes, LL.D. Part II. of this history, which is to be complete in four volumes, covers the campaigns of 1862. The value of this important work, elaborated from the vast mass of published material now available, is that it is not merely narrative but critical, impartial to both sides, and judicial in its estimate of the movements and actors in that tremendous struggle. That political reasons dictated the choice of an inferior man for a high command we more readily believe in view of recent experience. The present volume is accompanied by thirteen maps and plans of battle-fields. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

In view of the recent intrigues and aggrandizement of Russia in Asia, Mr. William D. Foulke has put forth a revised edition of his book, *Slav or Saxon: A Study of the Growth and Tendencies of Russian Civilization.* Its thesis is that every lover of freedom must regard Russia as the common enemy of all mankind, and that England and America must stand together in the inevitable conflict for the preservation of liberty throughout the world. An essential factor of this forecast is the Russification of China, but of this we feel less certain than Mr. Foulke. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The first volume of *Letters to Washington* (edited by Mr. S. M. Hamilton and published under the auspices of the Society of the Colonial Dames of America) covers the period from 1752 to 1756. The last-

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named year is naturally peculiarly prolific in letters relating to military affairs and Indian expeditions. The whole book is a rich storehouse, not only to the student of American history, but more particularly to those who wish to know at first hand of colonial social manners and society. The quaintness of the old-time spelling, and its almost infinite variety, furnish a delightful relish and flavor to the letters. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

May Platt Parmele's *Short History of France* and *Short History of Germany* aim to give with broad treatment the leading and significant events of the two countries. The space used is slight, and the temptation of trying to tell too many things is commendably resisted. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

NOVELS AND PLAYS

In handsome form and with pleasing illustration Anthony Hope's light and agreeable eighteenth-century comedy, *Lady Ursula*, is published by R. H. Russell (New York). It is a clean and good piece of dramatic work, and reads well, better than might most comedies that now have the stage.

Frederic Remington is so well known as the interpreter of Indian and army life that comment on his last collection of sketches, *Sundown Leflare*, is scarcely necessary. "Sundown Leflare" is a half-breed Indian who possesses that rare quality of perception which enables him to tell a story with dramatic power. "Sundown Leflare" is the medium used by Mr. Remington to tell the story; the artist contents himself with giving the background, and interpretation where the half-breed's language is not English. The book is illustrated by Mr. Remington with his usual vigor and breadth. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Wheel of God, by George Egerton, might be called the history of a woman's mind. The heroine, Mary Desmond, with her Irish capacity for love and loyalty, is both father and mother, after the dainty mother's death, to her brothers and sisters. With the courage of a man she emigrates to America and leads an independent life in New York, living in a cheap boarding-house. Homesickness for her own people drives her back to England, where the life-battle is fought over again and she holds her own. The world sees the working-girl living among her class but remote from them. What life teaches her is infinite pity for sinners, a wonderful sympathy and insight into the temptations and weaknesses of human beings, and the power to exact nothing from life for herself, but to give freely of all that she has, and without question. The book bears the signs of haste in writing and in the development of the plot. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

"Religious orthodoxy," says Dr. R. Heber Newton, "has learned the lesson, through bitter experience, that the only way to make an end of a heresy is to absorb and assimilate whatever is good in it. Medical orthodoxy must learn the same lesson." This quotation from the preface to his booklet, *Christian Science, the Truths of Spiritual Healing, and their Contribution to the Growth of Orthodoxy*, exactly describes Dr. Newton's mode of treating the subject—doing full justice to the truths which give the new doctrine its hold both as a religion and a therapeutic, while clearly and dispassionately exhibiting its fundamental errors. That this is a more excellent way than the indiscriminate denunciation which, like a bitter wind, only makes one wrap his cloak more closely about him, there can be no reasonable doubt. We should add that this booklet is an advance chapter of a work now in preparation by Dr. Newton, "The Contributions of Modern Heterodoxies to the Growth of Orthodoxy." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology, by Professor Weidner, of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Chicago, first appeared in 1885, and now reappears entirely rewritten. As a summary view of what theological knowledge includes, its condensed form favorably contrasts with more voluminous works. It is a handbook designed to show where theology is taught rather than to teach it. A specially valuable feature is its list of the best literature in the several departments of study. The present volume (Part I., Introduction and Exegetical Theology) is largely occupied with the subjects of Biblical Criticism and Hermeneutics. The author's unflinching adherence to tradi-

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tional beliefs appears in his courageous declaration that "the sacred writers have been preserved from every error of fact and of doctrine," and that "there is absolutely nothing in the Bible which is not inspired." (The Revell Company, New York.)

The hold upon Christian thought which the conception of the Kingdom of Christ as an ideal society, to be realized on earth, is taking, is attested by an increasing number of publications. The latest of these is *The Kingdom (Basileia): An Exegetical Study*, by George Dana Boardman. Dr. Boardman's method is distinctively expository, and his book has for the thoughtful Bible reader or teacher the specific value of a practical and homiletical commentary upon the New Testament doctrine of the Kingdom—its nature, laws, method, institutions, and consummation. We note with satisfaction Dr. Boardman's insistence upon the ethical nature of the Kingdom, to whose Laws nearly half his volume is devoted: "Religion is morality looking Godward, and morality is religion looking manward." But we think that his conception of the consummation of the Kingdom, as conditioned on the bodily descent of Christ from heaven, practically operates, not as a stimulant, but as a sedative to effort for the realization of the ancient hope in the complete spiritual enthronement of Christ as the social lawgiver. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

In his *General Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture* Professor Briggs has made a new and greatly enlarged work out of his well-known volume, "Biblical Study," and issues it as a sort of *Festschrift* to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his professorship in Union Theological Seminary. Reserving it for extended notice hereafter, we recognize it as a thesaurus of sound learning, which lays the whole Church under debt to its honored author. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

POEMS AND ESSAYS

Of the collection of verse which Mr. Thomas Hardy has put forth under the title *Wessex Poems and Other Verses*, only four pieces have been published, although the composition of the volume appears to have been going on for a long time past. It would be impossible for Mr. Hardy to write a book which did not bear the touch of his strong individuality; and even in the matter of verse-writing—which most readers will feel he is doing by force rather than by instinct—the presence of his genius is not wholly lost. These poems are distinctly not commonplace; they are in many respects very unusual. They have a definiteness of outline, a clearness of statement, and at times a baldness of thought which remind one of the author's prose work; at other times they are touched with deep emotion. They are strikingly vivid and picturesque, but it cannot be said that they have the quality of melody; and there is no more uplift or cheer in them than in Mr. Hardy's stories. They are touched with the same pathos, or, to be more accurate, with the same pessimism, which is worked out in the later tales from Mr. Hardy's hand. Perhaps the best expression of this attitude of mind which Mr. Hardy has given us is the little poem entitled

HAP

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear, and clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased, too, that a Powerfuler than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan.

. . . . . .

These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

This note Mr. Hardy strikes again and again, and with a certain hardness and resonance which makes it the more penetrating and the more despairing. The strength of the collection is to be found in the ballads, which are vigorous to a degree. The interest of the volume is intensified by the thirty illustrations which it contains from Mr. Hardy's hand. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Queen's Garland, a small selection of verse of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, arranged by FitzRoy Carrington, is a very daintily made book, which both in typography and cover reproduces the taste and manner of the old time. Among the

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crowd of anthologies of the poetry of the Elizabethan age this volume claims no special distinctness of purpose, save that of being so commodious in size as to be especially companionable, and of containing a great many of the old favorites. It does, however, differ in this respect from many similar collections: it limits the Elizabethan age to the lifetime of Elizabeth, instead of continuing it, as most anthologists have done, through the reign of James I. and Charles I. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

How to Prepare for a Civil Service Examination, by Francis E. Leupp (Hinds & Noble, New York), is a useful manual for persons wishing to enter the Government service. The book shows the practical character of the tests to which applicants for positions in the classified service are subjected, and, outlining as it does the requirements, salaries, nature of examination, etc., of all employees of the Government outside of the army, navy, and Marine Corps, the information it contains is almost indispensable to applicants for Government positions. Incidentally the work furnishes encouraging reading to Civil Service Reformers.

The widely entertained opinion that Mr. W. J. Henderson is one of the best-balanced and best-equipped musical critics in this country is borne out by a reading of his attractive volume, *How Music Developed*. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.) Criticism is neither blind advocacy nor keen polemics, as too many newspaper writers on the dramatic, literary, and musical arts seem to imagine. What good criticism is, in our opinion, is capitally illustrated by Mr. Henderson's judicious analysis and estimate of the work of Johannes Brahms.

The Professor of Botany and Forestry in the Michigan Agricultural College, W. J. Beal, has written for Ginn & Co. (Boston) *Seed Dispersal*. The book is divided into nine chapters, each short and comprehensive. While giving the Latin names to the plants presented for study, it is intended for young readers. It is sprightly and interesting, and in the hands of an intelligent teacher must prove valuable to the young student of nature.

The Academy Series of English Classics, published by Allyn & Bacon (Boston) has been enlarged by *Three Narrative Poems* edited by George A. Watrous, of the Utica Free Academy. The poems were selected to meet the requirements of the Regent's course in English, and they are "The Ancient Mariner," "Sohrab and Rustum," and "Enoch Arden." These poems are published with short biographical sketches and notes. *Select Essays and Poems* by Emerson, edited by E. M. Tappan, Ph.D., are in the same series. The essays are "Compensation," "Self-Reliance," and "Manners."

Books Received

For the week ending January 27

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Paterson, Charles Brodie. New Thought Essays. $1.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Guerber, H. A. The Story of the Thirteen Colonies.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Lecky, William Edward Hartpole. The American Revolution, 1763–1783. Edited by James Albert Woodburn.

Kelly, Edmond. Evolution and Effort.

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK

Gielow, Martha S. Mammy's Reminiscences. $1.

THE BURROWS BROTHERS CO., CLEVELAND, O.

Rider, William Harper, D.D. The Loom of Life. $1.25.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Browning, Robert. Complete Works. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. (Camberwell Edition.) $9.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK

Fernald, James C. The Imperial Republic. 75 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Hoyt, Deristhe L. The World's Painters and their Pictures. $1.40.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Raimond, C. E. (Elizabeth Robbins). The Open Question. $1.50.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. The Virginians. Vol. X. $1.75. (Biographical Edition.)

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Starr, Frederick. American Indians. 45 cts.

E. R. HERRICK & CO., NEW YORK

Adeney, Walter F. Women of the New Testament. $1.

Peloubet, Rev. F. N., D.D. Suggestive Illustrations on the Gospel of John. $1.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Walker, Francis A. Discussions in Education. $3.

Beers, Henry A. A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. $2.

Oxenham, John. God's Prisoner. $1.25.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Clowes, William Laird (assisted by Sir Clements Markham, Capt. A. T. Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, and others). The Royal Navy. Vol. III. $6.50.

Harnack, Dr. Adolph. History of Dogma. Translated from the German by Neil Buchanan. Vol. V. $2.50.

Curtin, Jeremiah. Creation Myths of Primitive America. $2.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Walford, L. B. The Archdeacon. $1.50.

Sanday, W., D.D. The Conception of Priesthood. $1.

Spiritual Letters of Edward Bouverie Pusey. Edited by the Rev. J. O. Johnston and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt. $4.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Ratzel, Friedrich. The History of Mankind. Translated from the German by A. J. Butler. $4.

Brooks, William Keith. The Foundations of Zoölogy. $2.50. (Columbia University Biological Series, V.)

Molenaer, Samuel Paul. Gouvernement des Rois. $3.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Tenney, Judge Asa W. The Young Man of Yesterday. Introduction by David Gregg, D.D. 30 cts.

Sheldon, Charles M. One of the Two. 30 cts.

Speer, Robert E. A Memorial of a True Life. $1.

Moody, D. L. One Thousand and One Thoughts from My Library. $1.

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The Religious World

The Free Church Catechism

The Federation of Free Churches of England has just issued its long-expected Catechism. The London "Independent" rightly calls it "the most important book of the week, a penny pamphlet." It was prepared by a committee representing the following denominations: Congregational, Wesleyan Methodist, Baptists, Primitive Methodists, Presbyterians, Methodist New Connection, Bible Christians, and United Methodist Free Church. Among the eminent men on the committee were Drs. C. A. Berry, Alexander Mackennal, Hugh Price Hughes, John Clifford, Oswald Dykes, J. Monroe Gibson. The committee has been engaged on the work for two years. The Catechism contains fifty-two questions and answers, and may be said to represent the attitude of United English Nonconformity toward all the questions treated. The Free Church Federation represents all the Evangelical denominations in England, except, of course, the Anglican. We have given this Catechism a careful reading, and have made the following selections as samples:

Q. How must we think of God?

A. God is the one Eternal Spirit, Creator and Sustainer of all things; He is Love, boundless in wisdom and power, perfect in holiness and justice, in mercy and truth.

Q. How did the Son of God save His people from their sins?

A. For our salvation He came down from Heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man, and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, and the third day He rose again according to the Scripture and ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father.

Q. What did He accomplish for us by His death on the cross?

A. By offering Himself a sacrifice without blemish unto God, He fulfilled the requirements of divine holiness, atoned for all our sins, and broke the power of sin.

Q. What is a Christian's chief comfort in this life?

A. That in Christ he belongs to God, who makes all things work together for good to them that love Him.

As these questions indicate, there is an earnest effort on the part of the authors to avoid technicalities, and to emphasize those truths which the Free Churches regard as essential. That so large and diverse a committee could present a unanimous report is a significant fact. It shows that, in the midst of diversity, there is substantial unity. The original draft of the document was prepared by Principal Oswald Dykes, of the Presbyterian College. It is now gone out to the churches, and we await the reports of its reception with much interest.

Comments on the Catechism

Already those reports have begun to come in, and they differ as much as might be expected. The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon says, "It is far too vague for me." Dr. George S. Barrett regards it as a "monument of the unity of the evangelical faith." The Rev. Samuel Pearson considers the publication "one of the most notable events in the history of English Christianity." On the other hand, the Rev. C. F. Aked considers "the Free Church part of the Catechism magnificent, but its theological part valueless." The Catechism seems to us to fail in its efforts to be clear and simple. It does not succeed as well as we wish it did in presenting the eternal and essential Gospel in terms easily understood in this century. Even in this respect it comes as near to success, perhaps, as could be expected, but not as near as could be desired. We agree that it is a noble exhibition of the unity of the Free Churches, but seriously doubt whether it will contribute much toward an understanding of the truths of Christianity.

An Attack on the Hymnal

Professor Horatio W. Parker, of the Musical Department of Yale University, on Monday evening, January 23, read a paper in Boston rigorously criticising the music and poetry of the Hymnal of the Episcopal Church. Concerning this paper, Professor Parker, in an interview published in the "New York Herald," is reported to have said:

It was a paper which I wrote for the Episcopalian Club of Massachusetts, and read at the dinner on Monday. I made a plea for higher standards of artistic morality in that part of church music which is primarily for the

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people—the hymns and the tunes. I did not say, nor do I think, that a large part or any part of the books is unfit to use, but that some tunes in our hymnals are quite unsuitable for use in a solemn religious ceremony. This I pointed out and illustrated in the hope of encouraging a desire and demand for better things in our next hymnal. I compared some new tunes with some old ones. The new ones show signs of hard usage, but the old are as fresh as ever. Some of the clergy say that ours is the best book of the kind in the world. If so, that is merely an argument against using other books, and no excuse for neglecting the weak points which may still be improved in our own. Those things which seriously offend serious musicians can never be a source of strength to the Church. Musicians are thankful enough for sympathetic, intelligent interest on the part of the clergy in those matters which are doubtful. They ask only that what is good be given the preference over that which is merely popular. I made some comparisons in my paper to illustrate my points, and I did say that the good tunes were usually made in Germany and that the bad ones were usually made at home.

As was to have been expected, this paper has excited much interest. Some comments have been commendatory and some condemnatory, while all have recognized the substantial truth of Professor Parker's contention. As samples of the comments which the discussion has elicited, we quote the following:

"We must elevate the standard of our church music," said George E. Stubbs, organist at St. Agnes's Chapel. "The style of music in the new hymnal is low It will not elevate the musical taste of our church-goers. Our first hymns came from the Anglican Cathedral composers. The finest hymn-book in existence is 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern.' It is the one used by the Church of England, and we never can improve it. Here in America they want to invent new things. They want an American book. But the Protestant Episcopal Church here belongs to the Church of England. How can Germans compose hymns for the Anglican Church? Professor Parker received his musical education from German professors at Leipsic. He has German musical tendencies. He is a very good composer. But the music for the Episcopal Church must come from England. The Church was founded there, and we must follow its traditions."

Felix Lamond, the organist of Trinity Chapel, said: "In my opinion, Professor Parker is perfectly right in his strictures on the Church hymnals. I think that for the most part the prominence given to tunes of a frivolous and operatic character is much to be deplored. I think it would be desirable to organize a committee of prominent Church organists of the country to edit or formulate a new hymnal that would contain only tunes that are Churchlike and pure, for all the hymnals published at present contain tunes of a decidedly flippant nature which need to be eliminated."

Our own opinion is that what Professor Parker says in condemnation of altered hymns and frivolous tunes in the Episcopal Hymnal is applicable with greater force to the congregational and choir music of other denominations. The tendency, however, in this country is unmistakably towards higher standards and achievements in church music. This impulse towards good ecclesiastical music we owe more to the Church of England and the musicians working in it than to any other influence. Germany is undoubtedly the source of the best modern music, but that modern musical spirit has been specialized for the Church more in England than in any other country.

A Significant Paper

The Rev. Henry T. Colestock, a Baptist clergyman, read, January 16, before the Baptist Ministers' Meeting of Chicago, a rather remarkable article entitled "Substitution: A Stage in Theological Thought." We speak of this article as remarkable, not because it is in itself novel, but because its frank acceptance and clear interpretation of certain modern views concerning theology mark distinctly the tendency away from scholastic to vital forms of thought in the Baptist as in other denominations. Mr. Colestock holds that "one of the causes which keeps many Christians out of the Church is its insistence upon the finality of theological teachings." He insists, on the contrary, that the central principle of Christianity is not a doctrine, but a filial relation of the individual soul to God, into which it is brought by coming into fellowship with Jesus Christ. It is a life, and out of this life grow its doctrines; and as life always and of necessity involves growth, these doctrines must change. Among these changes is the abandonment of the idea of substitution, which the author defines as including "all interpretations of the life and work of our Lord which represent him as performing any function in the sinner's place in order to favorably dispose the mind of God toward man." He traces historically the growth of this idea, showing clearly that it has not always been accepted in the Church, and is not taught, certainly not explicitly, by the writers in

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the New Testament. Three causes have led many religious persons to become unsatisfied with this idea of substitution: (1) The idea of evolution; (2) recent Biblical criticism; (3) the general modern movement toward a social rather than a doctrinal expression of Christianity. There was at the meeting very little opportunity, owing to the brevity of the time, for a discussion of the paper, and we are therefore not able to state to our readers how it was received. We need hardly say that, in our judgment, Mr. Colestock has rightly interpreted both the New Testament, the history of the past, and the tendencies of the present, as far as he has gone in his paper.

Wisdom at a Meeting of the Bible Society

An important meeting of the American Bible Society was held in Park Street Church, Boston, Tuesday, January 24. The ancient church was filled by those interested in this cause, and some of the addresses were of a high order. The keynote of the meeting was the duty of the Society to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. The two addresses which, according to the published reports, seem to have been of greatest interest were those of Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and the Rev. H. A. Stimson, D.D., of New York. Bishop Lawrence said that the Bible Society was a bond of unity between the churches. "We are altogether too liable to walk, each of us, along the path which is bounded by hedgerows of our denominational differences, and we do not often enough lift ourselves above the hedgerows, in order that we may see, in the spirit of Christians, that we are bound together in a common Lord and Master." That is a true sentiment, and it applies equally to other lines of work. If there should be united work for the circulation of the Bible, why not in all the Foreign Missionary enterprise? The question of how the converts should be organized could be left for them to decide, while those already Christian were united in the common work of evangelization. Dr. Stimson's address was equally broad and noble. Speaking of the people in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, he said that we cannot expect them to become Protestants, "unless their own Church should permanently fail to go forward." He said, further, that he did not think that the great historic Churches, such as the Greek, the Gregorian, and the Coptic, are to perish, or become Protestant. If we may not hope to make these people Protestants, what then? To this question Dr. Stimson replied, "Why may we not expect these ancient Churches to have their altars rekindled and their teachings purified by the descent of God's Spirit, as our own so often has been?"

Dr. McKenzie's Thirty-second Anniversary

The Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., pastor of the Sheppard Memorial Church in Cambridge, Mass., celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of his pastorate of that church on Sunday, January 22. This adds another to the list of long pastorates of which we have recently made mention. Dr. McKenzie's first field was in Augusta, Me. The church of which he is now pastor is one of the largest and strongest in the vicinity of Boston. It is located in the very heart of the beautiful city of Cambridge and near to Harvard University. The people of the church showed their appreciation of Dr. McKenzie's long service by putting into the church a beautiful stained-glass window as a memorial, and also by presenting their pastor with a purse well filled with gold. Dr. McKenzie has occupied a distinguished position in the country. He has been a lecturer at Andover and at Hartford Theological Seminaries and at the Hartford Divinity School, University Preacher at Harvard and a member of the Corporation of the University. His pastorate has been a notable one, and was fittingly commemorated.

The Tuskegee Conference

The annual Tuskegee Negro Conference will be held this year on Wednesday, February 22, and the Workers' Educational Conference on Thursday, February 23, at Tuskegee, Ala. The Negro Conference is composed of hundreds of the representative farmers, mechanics, ministers, and teachers from all parts of the South. The Workers' Conference is composed of the presidents of and instructors in the colored institutions of high grade in the South. All the friends of the institution, North and South, are invited. Further information will be gladly given by Booker T. Washington, Principal, Tuskegee Institute.

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Newell Dwight Hillis

By Forrest Crissey

THE public announcement that Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has accepted the proffered pastorate of Plymouth Church calls for a nearer view of this young man of the West and a more intelligent understanding of his work in Chicago than has yet been afforded the thousands who cherish a peculiar sentiment regarding Plymouth pulpit. There is a touch of something akin to the romantic in the fact that Plymouth Church has summoned to its historic forum a man barely forty years of age, who stepped from the halls of a Western theological seminary into his first pastorate little more than a decade ago, and has not been five years out of a Presbyterian pulpit of the strictest sort. The interest and the marvel of this event increase when it is remembered that this young man has confined his work almost wholly to the West, mainly to Illinois, and that his voice has been little heard in the East.

Those who feel that the step taken by Plymouth Church is of a daring and almost speculative nature are not of those who have listened to Dr. Hillis and formed their judgment from personal contact with his individuality. Any who are unconvinced of the wisdom of calling the young preacher from Illinois to stand in the place made historic by the brilliant oratory of Henry Ward Beecher may gain assurance from events which have just taken place in Chicago. It is an open secret that the members of the Central Church of that city have endeavored to retain Dr. Hillis by the offer to pay him any salary he would name; to erect an ample building in the heart of the city, and to carry into immediate effect the large plans for a broader work along original lines devised and long held in hope by their parting pastor. This action on the part of a church of pronounced liberalism toward a young pastor, who came from ultra-orthodox ranks and followed so gifted and beloved a personality as that of David Swing, has deep significance. It confirms with no uncertain sound the wisdom of the action which Plymouth Church has taken. The power and capacity of Dr. Hillis are also evidenced by the simple statement that during his first pastorate, at Peoria, Illinois, he built a $50,000 church edifice, and that another building costing $60,000 was built by his efforts while he was at Evanston, a suburb of Chicago. He occupied the former field three and the latter four years. His next advancement was to the Central Church, as the successor of Professor David Swing. The call to Plymouth Church leaves uncompleted the fifth year of Dr. Hillis's service in Chicago's most conspicuous pulpit.

The elements of character which have most powerfully contributed to the masterful influence exerted by Dr. Hillis over all who come within the radius of his individuality are his transparent sincerity, his affectional force, and his rich intellectuality warmed by the generous fires of fine poetic sensibility and a broad reach of imagination. These qualities are enhanced by the graces of ripe scholarship, a superb command of language, and a personal address that melts the most indifferent and critical.

He has experienced the wholesome and seasoning influence, so typically American, of a single-handed struggle against poverty in his earlier years, having "worked his way" through college, a portion of the time by severe manual labor. When nineteen years of age, he went into a Western State and organized sixty-five Sunday-schools on behalf of the American Sunday-School Union. His record in the Lake Forest University and also in the McCormick Theological Seminary was a brilliant one, despite the fact that the problem of his personal maintenance was always an intruding anxiety. Puritan Congregational stock gave Dr. Hillis his sound and stalwart endowments of mind and character. His immediate ancestors belonged to the courageous band of Yale students that went into Iowa, in the earliest days of that commonwealth, and there planted a little colony in which the flower of New England character and culture found brilliant representation.

Chicago, Ill.

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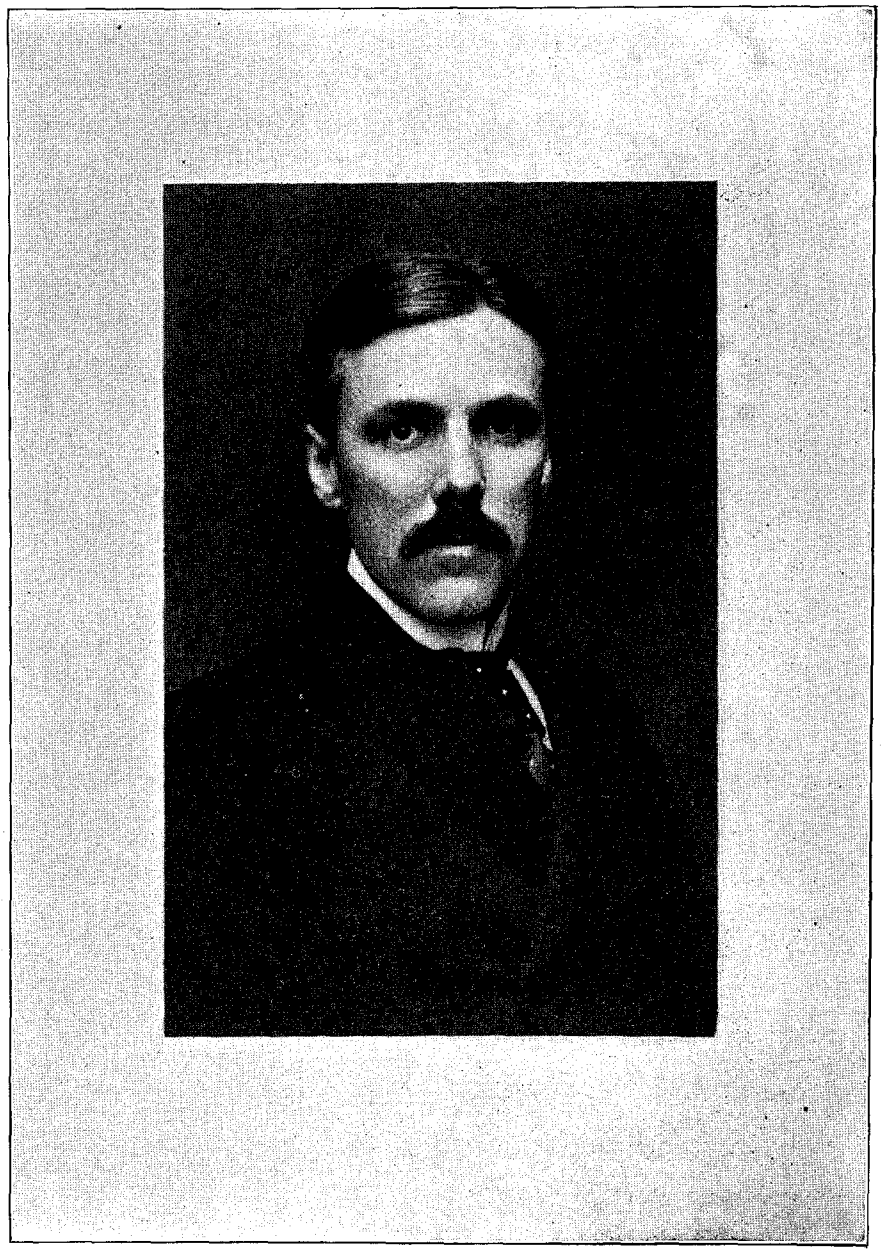

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

From a photograph taken for The Outlook by Hollinger, of New York

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GENERAL SIR HERBERT KITCHENER

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Kitchener of Khartoum

Conqueror of the Soudan: Founder of the Gordon Memorial College

THERE are two ways of looking at England's conquest of the Soudan. One is that stated by Mr. G. W. Steevens: "We were humiliated and we were out of pocket. . . . We could not sit down until the defeat was redeemed. We gave more money; we gave the lives of the men we loved—and we conquered the Soudan again." The other is that expressed by General Kitchener in his appeal for the founding of a Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum: "A responsible task is henceforth laid upon us, and those who have conquered are called upon to civilize. In fact, the work interrupted since the death of Gordon must now be resumed." When General Kitchener's appeal for education and civilization in the Soudan met with an almost instant and richly generous response—half a million dollars was subscribed for the Gordon Memorial College in two weeks—the English people put itself on record as holding that the justification of the scientific slaughter at the battle of Omdurman lay, not in revenge or the restoration of a military self-respect partly lost through the blunders and vacillation of former Soudanese campaigns, but solely in the acquired power to push forward security, law, order, knowledge, where heretofore have been violence, tyranny, cruelty, and ignorance. That a man of Kitchener's type, a soldier and a representative of force, should turn almost his first thought after conquest to such a project is of serious import. And of equal serious import is a declaration made the other day by Lord Cromer, England's executive power in Egypt (nominally a diplomatic agent, really a viceroy over the nominal Egyptian Viceroy), at the laying of the foundation-stone of the College at Khartoum. Lord Cromer promised in the name of the Queen that there should be no attempt to create an Anglicized Soudanese people, but that, on the other hand, a self-governing people would be created. If this promise be kept, there will arise a greater memorial than the College for that Gordon who, when he returned from his Chinese campaign victorious but "as poor as when he entered China," devoted the greater part of his spare time for six years in personally relieving poverty and wretchedness, and particularly in teaching, feeding, and clothing destitute boys. To extend civilization by conquest may or may not be the true method, but there is a world-wide difference between the Spanish system of degrading and plundering a subject province and the English method of beginning, the month after a conquest, to plan for the education and upbuilding of a people. The College at Khartoum is to teach agriculture, engineering, and other practical things; it is to employ the Arabic tongue for teaching; it is to avoid religious propagandism; it is to try and make a new country; for Mr. Steevens truly says of the Soudan, "It is not a country; it has nothing that makes a country. Some brutish institutions it has and some bloodthirsty chivalry. But it is not a country; it has neither nationality, nor history, nor arts, nor even natural features."

In two memorable civil ceremonies at Khartoum Lord Kitchener has taken a leading part—one for the future, the laying of the College's corner-stone; one for the past, the memorial service to General Gordon. The Sunday following the Friday of the great battle of Omdurman were held the funeral services for the man who died at his post fourteen years before. British and Egyptian troops joined in the military honors in the service which immediately followed the raising of the joint flags of the army of occupation. Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist chaplains in turn said a prayer. Even the Soudanese troops under the Sirdar's command sang a Christian hymn. Eye-witnesses tell us that, for the only time in his public career, the Sirdar himself, man of iron as

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he is, showed deep emotion. The party bitterness that obscured to some extent Gordon's aim and character in life has died away, and now, we imagine, there are few Englishmen who would not join heartily in the Quaker Whittier's tribute to the man who fought the African slave trade: "A providential man, his mission in an unbelieving and selfish age revealed the mighty power of faith in God, self-abnegation, and the enthusiasm of humanity."

Apropos of Whittier's characterization of Gordon just quoted, it is interesting to note that (as is set forth in correspondence just published in the "Independent" by Mr. S. T. Pickard) the poet was not shaken in his opinion by the efforts of John Bright to convince him that Gordon was solely a man of war, and hence an advocate of barbarism. To the end Whittier kept on his wall a portrait of Gordon in the red coat of a British soldier and the fez of an Egyptian officer, and to Mr. Bright he reaffirmed his admiration of Gordon's faith, courage, and self-abnegation, "while lamenting his war training and his reliance on warlike means to accomplish a righteous end." And even this qualifying sentence the poet seems to have written reluctantly, for he hastens to add: "As it is, he was a better man than David or Joshua—he was humane, and never put his prisoners into brick-kilns nor under hammers."

Of Lord Kitchener's enthusiastic reception on his return to London, and of the civic honors paid him, we do not need to speak. A characteristic incident was his reply to an official inquiry as to what he most needed in the Soudan: "Young men fitted to learn to govern." His service in Egypt has extended over fifteen years, and for eight years he has been Sirdar or commander-in-chief of the Egyptian forces and their British allies. His patient, systematic advance from Cairo to Khartoum up the Nile; the capture of Berber; the easy victory at Atbara; the final defeat of the great army of the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor, before the walls of Omdurman, the town across the Nile from the ruins of Khartoum—all these events stand for only a small part of the Sirdar's work. He fought not only the Dervishes but the desert. Step by step with him advanced a railroad which may some time reach from Cairo to the Cape. Precision, thoroughness, knowledge of men, discipline, all find in him a wonderful exemplar. In the decisive battle over eleven thousand of the Dervishes' forces were killed, sixteen thousand wounded, and four thousand taken prisoners, while the combined English and Egyptian army lost less than sixty killed and about four hundred wounded! Such a disproportion in losses has perhaps never before occurred on land, and it can be paralleled only by the naval battles at Manila and Santiago. The savage Arabs and Soudanese rushed on to certain death against Maxim guns and long-trained infantry fire with marvelous courage, seeking heaven in the Mohammedan fatalism. Lord Kitchener's military capacity was shown not so much by the winning of the battle as by his masterly handling of his forces to bring about the end quickly, with small loss and with certainty.

The whole story of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition into the Soudan has been told with fine journalistic dash and spirit by the English war correspondent, Mr. G. W. Steevens, in his book "With Kitchener to Khartoum." Some chapters of this book were hurried to the press from Egypt by cable, making this, we think, a unique, as it certainly is an immensely readable, volume.

By special permission of the American publishers of "With Kitchener to Khartoum"—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.—we reprint below Mr. Steevens's pen-portrait of Lord Kitchener.

THE SIRDAR[1]

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady, passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows; brick-red, rather full cheeks; a long mustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth—his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too: neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident

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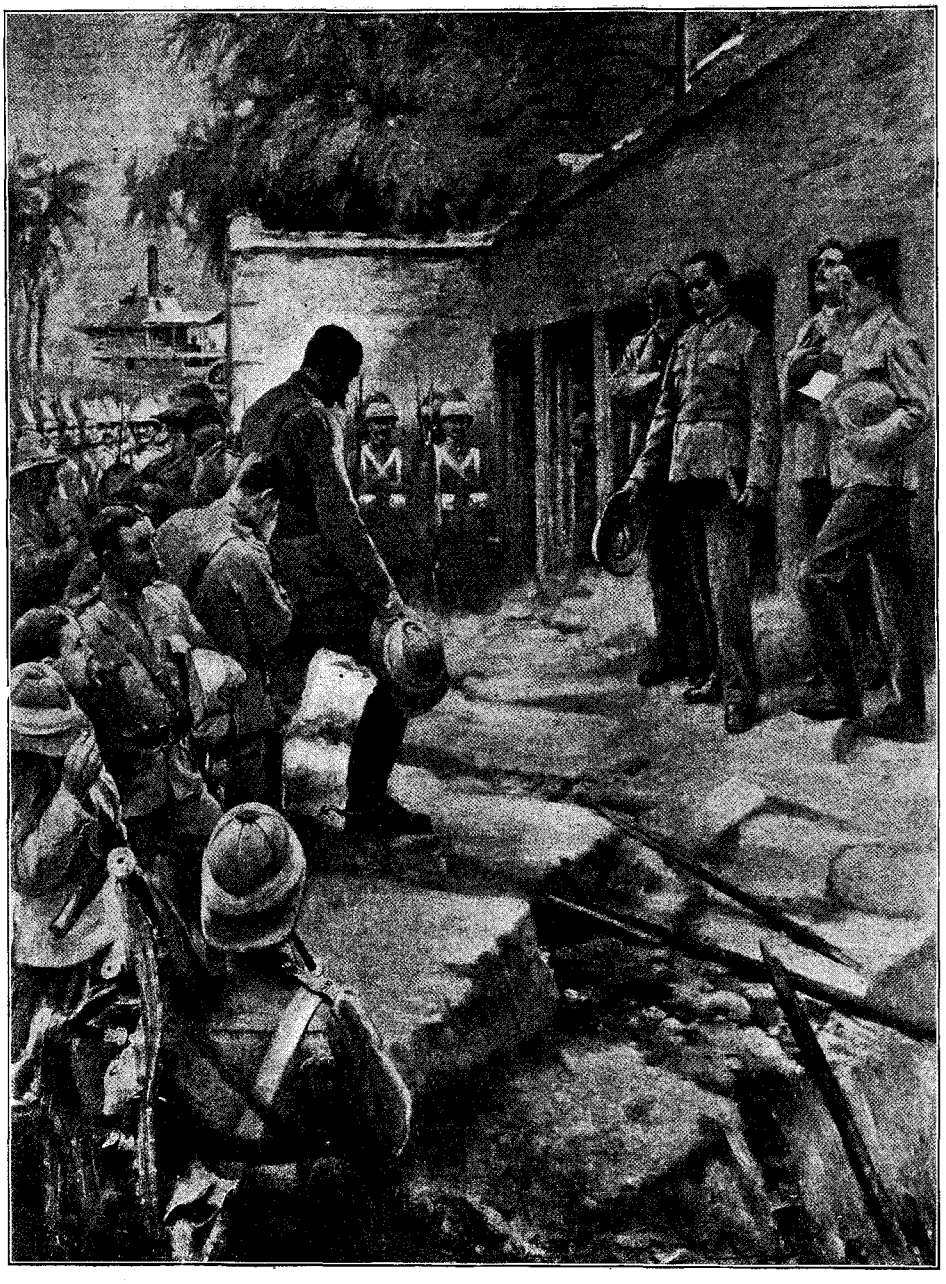

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT KHARTOUM

From a painting by Lance Calkin. Reproduced from the London "Graphic."

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of person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire: Exhibit No. I., *hors concours*, the Soudan Machine.

It was aptly said of him by one who had closely watched him in his office, and in the field, and at mess, that he is the sort of feller that ought to be made manager of the Army and Navy Stores. The aphorist's tastes lay perhaps in the direction of those more genial virtues which the Sirdar does not possess, yet the judgment summed him up perfectly. He would be a splendid manager of the Army and Navy Stores. There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of anything.

But it so happens that he has turned himself to the management of war in the Soudan, and he is the complete and only master of that art. Beginning life in the Royal Engineers—a soil reputed more favorable to machinery than to human nature—he early turned to the study of the Levant. He was one of Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. At the beginning of the Soudan troubles he appeared. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Soudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally, in the field constantly, alone with natives often, mastering the problem of the Soudan always. The ripe harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others as by their successes. He has inherited the wisdom and the achievements of his predecessors. He came at the right hour, and he was the right man.

Captain R.E., he began in the Egyptian army as second-in-command of a regiment of cavalry. In Wolseley's campaign he was Intelligence Officer. During the summer of 1884 he was at Korosko, negotiating with the Ababdeh sheiks in view of an advance across the desert to Abu Hamed; and note how characteristically he has now bettered the then abandoned project by going that way to Berber and Khartoum himself—only with a railway! The idea of the advance across the desert he took over from Lord Wolseley, and indeed from immemorial Arab caravans; and then, for his own stroke of insight and resolution, amounting to genius, he turned a raid into an irresistible certain conquest, by superseding camels with the railway. Others had thought of the desert route; the Sirdar, correcting Korosko to Halfa, used it. Others had projected desert railways; the Sirdar made one. That, summarized in one instance, is the working of the Soudan machine.

As Intelligence Officer Kitchener accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column, and you may be sure that the utter breakdown of transport which must in any case have marred that heroic folly was not unnoticed by him. Afterwards, through the long decade of little fights that made the Egyptian army, Kitchener was fully employed. In 1887 and 1888 he commanded at Suakim, and it is remarkable that his most important enterprise was half a failure. He attacked Osman Digna at Handub, when most of the Emir's men were away raiding; and although he succeeded in releasing a number of captives, he thought it well to retire, himself wounded in the face by a bullet, without any decisive success. The withdrawal was in no way discreditable, for his force was a jumble of irregulars and levies without discipline. But it is not perhaps fanciful to believe that the Sirdar, who has never given battle without making certain of an annihilating victory, has not forgotten his experience of haphazard Bashi-Bazouking at Handub.

He had his revenge before the end of 1888, when he led a brigade of Soudanese

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LORD KITCHENER'S ARRIVAL AT DOVER

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GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

This picture has been reproduced for The Outlook from the portrait of Gordon in colors which hangs on the wall of Whittier's "garden room" at Amesbury, and was retained there after John Bright's remonstrance referred to in this article.

over Osman's trenches at Gemaizeh. Next year at Toski he again commanded a brigade. In 1890 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. That he meant to be Sirdar in fact as well as name he showed in 1894. The young Khedive traveled south to the frontier, and took the occasion to insult every British officer he came across. Kitchener promptly gave battle: he resigned, a crisis came, and the Khedive was obliged to do public penance by issuing a General Order in praise of the discipline of the army and of its British officers. Two years later he began the reconquest of the Soudan. Without a single throw-back the work has gone forward since—but not without intervals. The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last. The real fighting power of the Soudan lies in the country itself—in its barrenness which refuses food, and its vastness which paralyzes transport. The Soudan machine obviates barrenness and vastness; the bayonet action stands still until the railway action has piled the camp with supplies or the steamer action can run with a full Nile. Fighting men may

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chafe and go down with typhoid and cholera: they are in the iron grip of the machine, and they must wait the turn of its wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder, passing from apprehension to security. The Turks are not coming; the Turks are afraid. Then suddenly at daybreak one morning they see the Sirdar advancing upon them from all sides together, and by noon they are dead. Patient and swift, certain and relentless, the Soudan machine rolls conquering southward.

In the meantime, during all the years of preparation and achievement, the man has disappeared. The man Herbert Kitchener owns the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it. His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers in his army—marriage interferes with work. Any officer who breaks down from the climate goes on sick leave once; next time he goes, and the Egyptian army bears him on its strength no more. Asked once why he did not let his officers come down to Cairo during the season, he replied: "If it were to go home, where they would get fit and I could get more work out of them, I would. But why should I let them down to Cairo?" It is unamiable, but it is war, and it has a severe magnificence. And if you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. You bet your boots the Sirdar knows; he wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win. Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted.

For of one human weakness the Sirdar is believed not to have purged himself—ambition. He is on his promotion, a man who cannot afford to make a mistake. Homilies against ambition may be left to those who have failed in their own: the Sirdar's, if apparently purely personal, is legitimate and even lofty. He has attained eminent distinction at an exceptionally early age: he has commanded victorious armies at an age when most men are hoping to command regiments. Even now a junior Major-General, he has been intrusted with an army of six brigades, a command such as few of his seniors have ever led in the field. Finally, he has been charged with a mission such as almost every one of them would have greedily accepted—the crowning triumph of half a generation's war. Naturally he has awakened jealousies, and he has bought permission to take each step on the way only by brilliant success in the last. If in this case he be not so stiffly unbending to the high as he is to the low, who shall blame him? He has climbed too high not to take every precaution against a fall.

But he will not fall, just yet at any rate. So far as Egypt is concerned he is the man of destiny—the man who has been preparing himself sixteen years for one great purpose. For Anglo-Egypt he is the Mahdi, the expected; the man who has sifted experience and corrected error; who has worked at small things and waited for great; marble to sit still and fire to smite; steadfast, cold, and inflexible; the man who has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartoum.

Charles George Gordon

Tennyson's tribute, inscribed on Gordon's monument

Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan;
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man.

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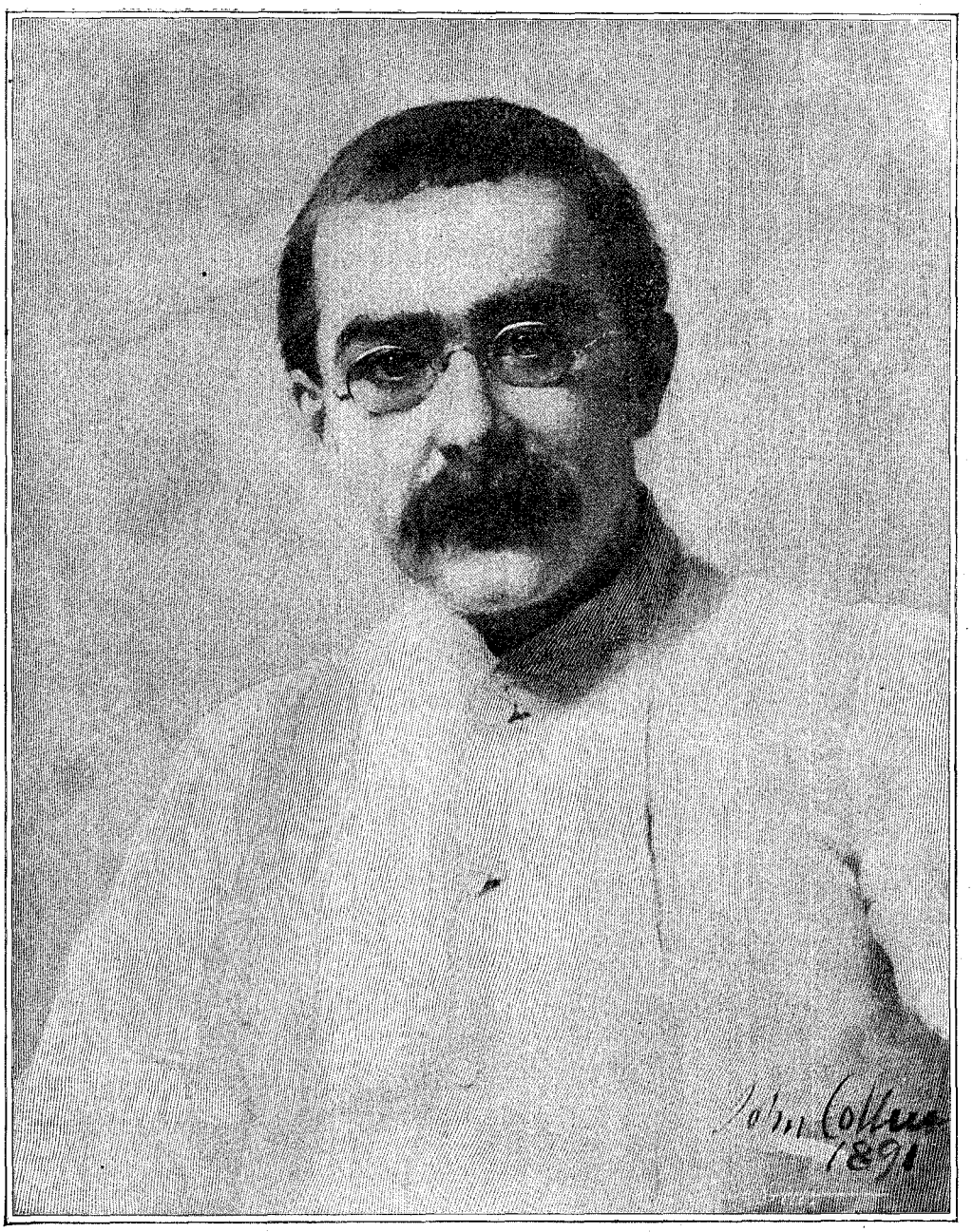

RUDYARD KIPLING

From the portrait by the Hon John Collier. By courtesy of "McClure's Magazine;" copyrighted, 1896, the S. S. McClure Co.

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KIPLING

By Robert Bridges ("Droch")

NAULAKHA
BRATTLEBORO.
VERMONT.
and regrets that his present engagements in Vermont do not allow him to accept the very kind invitation of the Admiral Club to an Oriental Evening on the night of the 31st January.
Rudyard Kipling
Jan 26 1895.

"*MEN live there*," is the emphatic verdict which Rudyard Kipling passes on the Channel Squadron after he has spent "a blissful fortnight" among the battleships and cruisers. "When you have been shown lovingly over a torpedo by an artificer skilled in the working of its tricky bowels, torpedoes have a meaning and a reality for you to the end of your days." To find out how the men live who are doing the world's work and how they do it—whether the instrument is a spade, a gun, or a great machine—is almost the end and aim of Kipling's literary endeavor. It is not what the man *has*, but what he *does*, that interests him. The Admiral on the after-bridge "moving some £10,000,000 worth of iron and steel at his pleasure" is for Kipling a character of intense and dramatic interest—but not more so than Mulvaney, whose highest achievement is to make good soldiers out of raw recruits. A great machine, as the product of the ingenious mind of man, is full of romance for Kipling; it is one of the measures of man's imagination—a dream made visible. If it does well the work that it was contrived to do, it possesses something of the beauty that accompanies perfect adaptation of means to end. "Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam," he says, and then describes with enthusiasm a battle-ship in motion: "Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with sheer delight of movement, perfectly apt for the work in hand, and in every line of her rejoicing that she is doing it, she shows, to these eyes at least, a miracle of grace and beauty." This coincides with a recent expression by Captain "Bob" Evans that he never expected to see a sight so majestic and beautiful as the Oregon when she pushed past the Iowa in full chase of the Colon.

> O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex
> Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Arrtifex!

The greatest thing in the world for Kipling is Power at work—whether it is exhibited by a humble man, a huge engine, or an empire. That is why he has made such a deep impression upon strong men everywhere. The age is one of great schemes, industrial, commercial, and political; the achievements of science are marvelous—and yet until Kipling came the people who write were saying that it was an unromantic age; that poetry had been killed the world over by steam, and that romance was dead because republicanism had leveled all men to a common pattern. Kipling had the advantage of living in his impressionable youth where the new civilization was imposing itself upon one that was old and worn out. He saw part of the empire in making. He was looking at the raw edges of the work, and he grasped the full meaning of the new forces behind it. Never has the executive power of man so revealed itself as in the nineteenth century. Instead of looking upon it as prosaic, and turning back to other times and countries for a field of romance, Kipling

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saw that he and we are truly living in an age of romance. He set to work to reveal the age to itself. With his own McAndrew, he cried out:

I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves and doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song of Steam!

He is himself the best answer to his own prayer.

With this for his creed, Kipling *must* be the most modern of writers. In order to write about it, he must see and know the world as it really is. He is as up-to-date as a newspaper. He is off to South Africa to see a new empire making; he sails with the Channel Squadron to know the battle-ship at first hand. The Queen's Jubilee produces the "Recessional;" the Czar's peace manifesto calls out the legend of "The Truce of the Bear." By knowing what things really are, he gains the admiration and respect of the men whose business it is to know them. This is a man's world that he looks upon—and, therefore, it is not free from what is cruel and wicked and incomplete. What he clearly sees must all go into the picture—pleasant and unpleasant together.

For to admire an' for to see,
For to behold this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

It had become the fashion to associate "realism" with what was depressing and often disgusting. Kipling has given a new meaning to the term. He has looked upon the world not only with a keen eye but with a healthy mind. He sees things sanely. His characters are not types but individuals. He has arrived at a true idea of the balance of right and wrong, the pleasant and the unpleasant, success and failure, by his wide acquaintance with all kinds of men. Nothing is so false to nature as the type; it is as characterless as a composite photograph. The novelist who thinks he is reproducing reality when he gathers into one character the various manifestations of a certain trait or disease or sin which he has carefully studied from a hundred subjects is not only false to art but false to truth. Nature does not manage things in that synthetic way. She gives one man his share of a sin and its punishment; and to another, who exhibits a different phase of it, is allotted a different reward.

Kipling stands for the individual, and for his chance to do something with himself if he will. He has found among all kinds of men the capacity for getting enjoyment out of life by doing one thing well. Mulvaney got the thrill of it at the taking of Lungtungpen. It was a barbarous slaughter, but for Mulvaney it made life worth while. But for the man who can't do something "off his own bat"—who is without industry or originality even in his sins—Kipling has no mercy. Like Tomlinson, there is no place for him in heaven or hell.

Having a fixed belief in the supreme importance of *the thing done*, it is natural that Kipling should show admiration for those men who take a short cut to achievement. This brushes aside many conventions. A man with his mind concentrated on a certain deed can't stop to consider all the feelings of all his friends, or split hairs over philosophical distinctions in morality. Kipling's admiration of Cecil Rhodes is in line with this belief. When recently asked whether Rhodes was a religious man, he swept the inquiry aside and answered, "Man, he is building an empire!" His impatience was evidently not with religion, but with the implication that certain conventions are an essential part of religion. Kipling's own reverent attitude toward all honest work is clearly expressed in one of his poems:

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy Earth.

This respect for "the day's work" as the significant part of any character that he draws gives full force to his own literary methods. He holds himself up to the same rigid standard of accomplishment as that by which he judges other men. The marvelous fertility of his brain has never given him an excuse for slighting the execution of his work. A German critic, Dr. Kellner, who recently talked with him, says: "Kipling lays the greatest stress upon form. The artistic object of all details was declared by Mr. Kipling to be so

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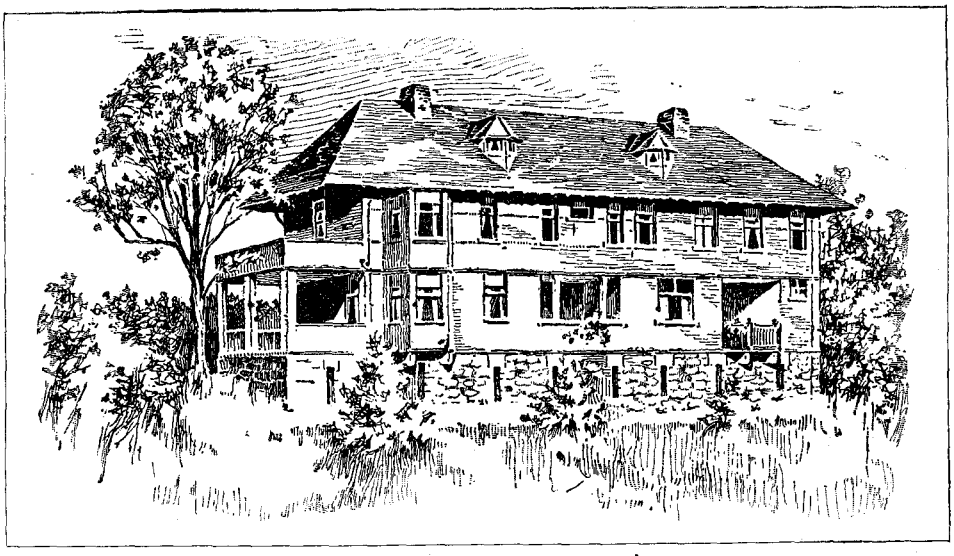
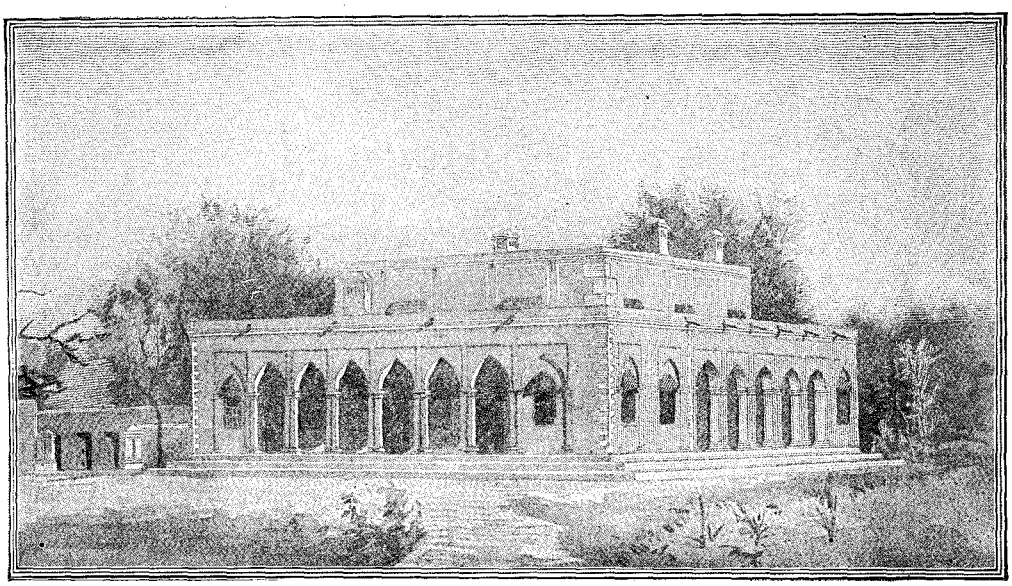


MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE AT BRATTLEBORO', VERMONT

as to produce the same effect upon the reader as these details themselves have produced upon the writer." Kipling's own proof-sheets show how he has hammered away at his phrases and sentences with the consummate patience of the artisan who is determined that you *shall* see the thing as he sees it. Language is a refractory medium, and when Kipling takes strange liberties with it he is simply trying to hammer it into the shape of his thought. For that reason he is ready and eager to use the pungent slang of men who are doing things in all walks of life. These uncouth words of theirs have sprung out of the need of their occupations for a vivid term to express a given action. This realization of the compressed, pictorial value of the slang of a trade and of its technical terms has led him to overcrowd some of his recent work with words that fail to evoke the image in the reader's mind. His vocabulary is running ahead of his audience.

With all this tenacious grasp on the world as it is, Kipling is far away from



THE KIPLING HOME AT LAHORE, INDIA

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materialism. He pictures what is seen with the eyes and touched with the hands, but the reader who stops at that has lost the flower of Kipling's work. "Kipling's formula," Dr. Kellner reports, "is not completed by regarding his work as full material in perfect form. He seeks, in addition, to find the souls of men in all he writes. Both in his works and his conversation he shows himself a psychologist." Just as he values the written word solely because it is the symbol of a thought, so he values "the day's work," the thing done, wholly as the tangible expression of character. Right there is the foundation of Kipling's idealism—the very spirit of the "True Romance" of which he sings:

Who holds by thee hath Heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die.

As thou didst teach all lovers speech
And Life all mystery,
So shalt thou rule by every school
Till love and longing die.

If you miss this touch of idealism in Mulvaney or Ortheris or Gadsby, children of the earth, earthy, as they seem to be, you miss "the real thing" entirely in Kipling. Howsoever gay his children of the world may seem to be, there is always this outcropping of underlying pathos—their own swift glimpses of "the joy of all the earth." Time and again Kipling shows you that this haunting vision of the ideal is the torment as well as the inspiration of sensitive minds. There is but one corrective for the melancholy which it produces, and that is work—hard, grinding work at the daily task. And from the very success of this work springs again "the vision splendid"—the new glimpse of something not quite within reach. Then comes the despair, then the return to work, then the new vision—and so on with the eternal round which makes up the life of man—the one perpetual allurement for craftsman, or artisan, or artist.

For the over-refined and the underdone, for education that has deified mere knowledge and for education that has bred discontent, for *ennui* with the world as it is, or vain crying after a world as it ought to be—for all these Kipling comes as a splendid and stimulating force because he "draws the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!" He makes one in love with life by telling the precise truth about life. To use the crude but forceful language of Tommy Atkins:

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she hath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

Kipling to Captain Evans

Mr. Kipling several years ago sent Captain Robley D. Evans, after visiting his war-ship in company with R. F. Zogbaum, the artist, a set of his works, and with them these verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower,
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine;
But you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

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AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR[1]

I.

The Old Factory Towns in New England

[This is the first of a series of twelve articles by the author of "The Present Distribution of Wealth," a member of The Outlook's editorial staff. The articles are the result of several months' travel and personal investigation of the economic and social life of American working people in regions which are industrial centers of varied types. The titles of succeeding articles will be: The New Factory Towns of the South, A Typical Primitive Community, The Negro as an Industrial Factor, Cotton and Sugar Plantations, The Coal-Mines, The Iron Centers, The Labor World in Chicago, The Small Northern Farm, The Great Wheat Ranches, Irrigation Among the Mormons, Co-operative Experiments.—THE EDITORS.]

Workmen's Testimony

A single article has no right to a preface, but a series of articles on workmen's views of workmen's conditions calls for a prefatory statement about the value of workmen's testimony. To me it has proven of more value than employers' testimony, not because it was more honest, but because it was as honest, and presented the side which I had not heard before. A striking illustration of this came to me at the very beginning of my investigation. I reached New Bedford in the spring of last year, when the embers of the cotton strike were still smoldering. I thought that I had followed this strike with an eye open to the workmen's side. Yet, shortly before my coming, I had written an article against the strikers, taking the ground that they had no right to block production in resistance of a ten per cent. cut in wages, when general prices had fallen more than this amount, and their old nominal wages were equivalent to an advance which consumers in other industries could not afford to pay. The article called forth no criticism, and I had no question as to its accuracy. Yet, in almost the first talk I had with a workman in New Bedford, I was told that they had accepted one ten per cent. cut in wages without a strike, and that they had "blocked production" only when a second ten per cent. cut had been demanded. From the next workman, and the next, inquiry on the same point brought out the same statement. One workman told me that not only had his wages been reduced more than twenty per cent. per "cut," but that the manufacturers had increased the length of the "cut." The statements about wages were so uniform that they hardly needed corroboration; but the statement about the lengthening of the cut seemed so incredible that for a time I did not think of asking manufacturers whether it was true. But, as I continued to meet weavers, I continued to run across this alleged grievance, and so, finally, when talking with a brilliant young clergyman in close touch with the manufacturers, I asked him what the latter said about this complaint. By this time I was half prepared for the answer, which was: "They say the cuts haven't been lengthened nearly as much as the men claim." Subsequently I asked a manufacturer about it, and his reply was similar to that quoted by the clergyman, with the explanation, entirely truthful, that so much better yarn and better machinery were used that the same amount of labor produced more cloth. The price per cut was not the true test. The amount that a fair workman could earn in a week was the real measure. On this point he agreed with most of the workmen that men who made $10 a week

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in '93 generally made but $8 now. In short, the testimony I finally received from moderate men on the two sides was in substantial agreement; but it was the workmen's testimony that was new, and that opened to sight conditions as they are.

The Readiness to Talk

The first man I met in New Bedford, to whom I had no letter, began by assuring me that nobody would talk with me. The town had been made sore, he said, by newspaper misrepresentation; and he proceeded for nearly an hour to explain what the real conditions were. This man represented almost the extreme of "reluctance to talk" among the employing class. Among the employed the case was different only among the recent immigrants. The French Canadians and Germans in the cotton districts were hardly what would be called communicative; the Italians and Huns whom I saw later in the coal districts of Pennsylvania were positively suspicious, and the Chinese on the Pacific coast met you with a blank wall of know-nothingism; but American workmen everywhere, except at Homestead, Pennsylvania, and Irish, Scotch, and English workmen quite as much as American (from whom they were almost indistinguishable), met me with entire frankness. It is true that most of them quickly came to believe that I was on their side; and workingmen have a primitive way of telling the truth more freely to their friends than to their opponents. But, quite apart from this, I was many times surprised at the candor with which men told me of their own small wages and hard economies, when my questions had not called for any such personal confessions. The disposition to assume prosperity, which often makes middle-class life such a burdensome fraud, is in a singular degree absent. Like army officers, they know each other's wages; and, unlike army officers, they know that no outside property furnishes hidden resources. Therefore they must live without pretensions, and this enforced frankness with each other makes it natural to speak with similar frankness to a stranger whose sympathy they are sure of. Except on railroad cars and about hotels, where misinformation is in perpetual circulation, I had almost no positive misstatements of fact made to me during my entire investigation. I had a good many partial statements of fact made, but these came to me almost exclusively at the beginning of my inquiries. Truth is emphatically a thing which is given "to him that hath." Every man likes to tell at least a plausible story, and the more I knew about any situation the more careful I found my informants to avoid partisan claims. It was largely on this account, I thought, and not at all on account of any superior truthfulness of workmen, that their statements were less likely to need supplementary evidence than those of their employers. The workmen generally knew that I had heard the employer's side, or would hear it shortly. The mere desire, therefore, to tell a story that would be believed, kept close to the truth men who would have exaggerated had the field been free. It was a delight to me to find, on both sides, how few people made positive misstatements of fact.

The Visit to the Mills

The first cotton-mill manager with whom I had a long talk was charmingly frank. He was interested in a company which had treated the men exceptionally well; and while he took the employers' side regarding the strike, there was no trace of bitterness in his attitude toward the men. This man left no doubt in my mind that his company felt that the reductions in wages had been absolutely forced upon them by the increased production of cottons and the decreased consumption. In the yarn-mills he took me to visit there had been no material reduction of wages and no strike whatever. The way in which wages had kept up in these mills was significant. It is constantly assumed that wages are a fluid mass, and that their level in a few selected establishments indicates their level in all similar establishments throughout the country. Thus the famous Aldrich Report of 1893, compiled under Labor Commissioner Wright and Professor Falkner, assumed that all clerks' wages had risen forty per cent. in twenty years, because a dry-goods store in New Hampshire reported this increase. As a matter of fact, wages, instead of being fluid, with interconnecting pipes producing the same level all over the country, are more nearly rigid in each separate establishment, and change only with its changing prosperity. The unfair use of selected establishments has led to widespread misapprehension of the course of wages. But this is a

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subject to which I must return later. The most interesting theme my escort and I talked of on our way to the outlying district where the mills were located was the change that had taken place in New Bedford when it became a factory center. The beauty and charm of the older residence portion of the town had taken me by surprise; and when we went down toward the factories, I was again surprised at the number of comfortable homes. When I asked how they had been acquired, I was told that when New Bedford was a whaling port the bright boys who went to sea became captains or mates of small crews before they reached their prime, and that their share of the "catch" on a few successful voyages enabled them to settle down with a competency. In this way the old industry established a strong middle-class American community. The cotton industry, on the other hand, had built up fortunes for a relatively few successful managers, and caused the importation of immigrants to serve as a laboring class. Fortunately for New Bedford, as it seemed to me (though Edward Atkinson and a few other managers preferred the French Canadians), most of her immigrants were from Great Britain, and were therefore easily Americanized; but almost no Americans served as factory hands. As a rule, I think, they had moved upward—or westward, and then upward—though doubtless a few, unable to do other work, had moved downward. The general change in New Bedford, therefore, when it became a cotton instead of a whaling center, had been toward the separation of classes and the loss of democratic characteristics; but this loss had been accompanied by the enrichment of Americans able to employ the immigrants as their hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Sanitary Conditions

When we reached the yarn-mills (and this remark applies to the mills I saw later), I was struck with the sanitary gains which the factory system had brought to the working classes. As compared with the home workrooms which the factories have displaced, conditions seemed almost ideal. It is true that there were rooms in which the air was thick with dust, and others in which it was heavy with the odors of chemicals, and many more where the noises would be sufficient to rack the nerves of people unaccustomed to them. But the dust, so to speak, was clean dust, and the odors, so to speak, were clean odors, and the din of the machinery, which seemed the worst feature of all, was said to act as a sedative rather than an irritant to those who spent their lives in the mills. This last fact does not, of course, mean that the clangor is not a real evil, any more than the inability of city people to sleep when they go into the country indicates that city noises help the nervous system. The dust, the smells, the noises, are all evils; but none of the things to which the human frame must inure itself in cotton-factories sap vitality like the conditions in tenement-house workshops. The safety, the cleanliness, the light, and even the ventilation in all the factories showed that agitation and legislation, supported by the humanity of employers as well as the self-interest of workmen, had raised the sanitary conditions to a higher level in public factories than in the homes of even our modern workmen.

Child Labor

Not less successful has been the long struggle to get rid of child labor. When I went through these mills at New Bedford, I saw only two children who looked to me less than thirteen. Regarding one of them I expressed my doubts, and my escort answered lightly, "Her certificate says thirteen, and that is all we care for." Evidently, however, public officials, or labor unions, or somebody, did care, or the law would not have been so well enforced. Fifteen years before, I had visited a Massachusetts cotton-factory, and my impression regarding the enforcement of the child-labor law had not been nearly so favorable. The struggle for the law had been a hard one, because not only capitalism but sentimentalism had been arraigned against it. The sentimentalists who took the side of the capitalists claimed that their concern was for the interests of the very poor. Without doubt a large part of the very poor—including all of the degraded poor—were glad to keep their little children in factories. But all workmen wished that other workmen would keep their children out of the factories, and the disinterested public finally demanded that all must cooperate for the good of all. It was a long and hard struggle between private

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interests on the one side and public interests on the other, between material interests on the one side and moral interests on the other; but in the end the side of public interests and moral interests triumphed completely. In Massachusetts to-day I heard no manufacturers even hint at a desire for the Southern privilege of employing little children. In fact, I found no real desire for the Southern privilege of lengthening hours—the alleged demand therefor being sanctioned chiefly as a means of defeating a further shortening of hours. Practically the whole State accepts the principle that the hours of labor should be such as would make men stronger instead of weaker; and absolutely the whole State accepts the principle that childhood should be preserved sacredly for the playground, the schoolroom, and the home.

Old Men

My first impression about work in the mills was that it was unexpectedly easy. I do not mean that it seemed as light as the work of editors, but compared with other manual laborers the cotton operatives in most of the rooms seemed to have a good deal of leisure. This apparent leisure, however, my escort told me, was due to the fact that both the machines and the operatives were working well. If either were working badly, the operatives would be hurrying to and fro, while the machines would frequently be stopped. The young women and men who seemed so much at leisure were really keeping close watch not to let a break get started anywhere, and this work required a greater strain than it seemed. This fact I soon had impressed upon me in a way not to be questioned or forgotten. When I had gone through room after room, everywhere watching faces (because the machinery was past my comprehension), I was finally forced to remark that I hadn't seen any old men. "Come to think of it," was my escort's reply, "I don't believe I have either." As we went on, both of us looked for old men, but hardly saw one, except at long intervals, and then at such work as sweeping, or the like. By "old men" I mean men over forty-five, or what should be the prime of life. "Why do the men drop out so young?" I asked. "That's a question," was the reply, "for which Ross (the head of the Spinners' Union) will probably have a readier answer than I have." When I met Ross, I found the answer was ready and specific. The strain of the work wore men out before they were forty-five, and their fingers were no longer nimble enough to keep up with work demanded.

A Model Village

As regards sanitary conditions, hours for labor, and non-employment of young children, the first factory I visited was fairly typical of all. There was, however, one feature connected with it which I did not see duplicated, and that was, an almost beautiful village of homes for the employees. When the mill had been built, it was so far out of the city that the owners found it necessary to construct homes for their operatives. With rare skill and taste they covered a tract of land with houses which any self-respecting family might be glad to occupy. On the architectural side these houses were better than most middle-class families occupy. In contrast with the depressing monotony usual in factory houses, they can fairly be called beautiful. I heard about them from other manufacturers, who rather scouted the outlay upon refinements which operatives would not appreciate. Two persons told me exactly the same story about one family of tenants using their bath-tub for pickling a pig, and another using it as a receptacle for ashes. When I visited the mills, however, and asked my escort about this story, he said that he had often heard it from the outside, but had never heard the slightest confirmation of it from any one about the mills. Probably at the beginning some one said that the tenants would use the bath-tub for those purposes, and the story had kept floating around for years that the tenants had actually so used them. I was told, however, that the houses had not been a profitable investment. When taxes, repairs, etc., were paid, the net profits were only in the neighborhood of four per cent. The company was unable to get a rent proportionate to the number of rooms and the general excellence of the construction. Every one knows that in our country villages houses that cost a thousand dollars will rent for ten dollars a month, and houses that cost five thousand will often rent for little more, because there is no demand for them from the renting class in such villages. In the same way, the renting class

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among factory operatives cannot afford to go above seven or eight dollars a month, no matter what the cost or excellence of the house provided. If these houses had had one or two rooms less, the investment would have been a profitable one. Even as it was, it had yielded, incidentally, a profit to the mills, by enabling them to get and keep the pick of the hands in New Bedford. I afterwards learned, from another source, that factory hands of the best type were always glad to get work at the Howland mills.

Preference for Private Landlords

Some of the factory tenements which I visited later in New Bedford were of an entirely different order, and, in a fitting way, were occupied by the poorest grade of employees instead of the best. Indeed, factory tenements were almost always under the ban. The best workmen decidedly preferred not to live in them. This preference influenced rents, which I found to be surprisingly lower in company houses than in houses owned by private landlords. Both from the workmen and employers I asked for the reason for this difference. The employers in some cases said that it was their policy to keep rents down. The employees all said that the houses owned by individual landlords were so much better looked after and were occupied by so much better class of tenants that those who could afford to pay the rents asked were always glad to do so. One reason, they said, why a better class of tenants were in private houses was because workmen hated to be perpetually under the control of their employers. If they had a private landlord, they felt greater independence as to whether they worked or stopped working; but if they lived in company houses and their families could be evicted if they stopped work, they felt that a large measure of independence was lost.

Where Company Houses are Preferred

In New Bedford I saw nothing to indicate that the employers put any pressure upon their employees to live in the company houses; but in one or two of the factory villages I visited later, there was believed to be pressure of this sort. At Dodgeville and Hebron, for example, people told me that whenever work was scant, the employees who lived in their own houses or rented from private landlords were the first to be dropped from the rolls. I received no direct confirmation of this from employers, but it seemed to be their policy. At all events, the employees were so thoroughly convinced that this was the policy of the mills that they had no disposition to get homes of their own, and so the greatest incentive to thrift was removed. A few of them, however, were thrifty and had saved money enough to own houses in neighboring towns; and a good many had savings-bank accounts. But, even on the merely economic side, the depositing of money in savings-banks, or even the owning of houses to be rented to other people, does not compare with the owning of the home in which one lives. The landlord for some one else has always the losses due to vacancies, the difficulties of collection, and the making of repairs, of which the first tenant takes no care and for which the next tenant cares nothing. A man who owns his own home is always sure of a tenant, always sure of collections, and generally sure to take care of the property. On the side of citizenship the gains that come from home ownership instead of tenancy are still greater. In the village of Dodgeville, the most depressing I visited, I saw no evidence of extortion on the part of the company. The rents were a dollar a month for each room, and while four dollars a month for a tenement paid a good interest on the capital, there was nothing extortionate about it. The depressing feature of the town was the apparent lack of independence among the workmen occupying the houses. That these workmen, with only one company to work for and only one company to rent from, should have felt, as they did, that they were not free to join trades-unions, seemed an inevitable result.

Fences

I did, however, it should be said, visit another town (Lonsdale, Rhode Island) largely under the control of a single company (the Goddards), where I heard no complaint of discrimination against operatives who did not live in the company houses, and the men felt perfectly free to belong to trades-unions if they so desired. The personal element, therefore, is a modifying factor of prime importance. The Goddards could have established a petty despotism had they chosen, but they have preferred to establish a free town. My visit to Lonsdale

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was a short one, and the few working people with whom I talked may not have been typical, but the town seemed to me to illustrate how much good a liberal management could secure. Here, again, as at the first mills I visited in New Bedford, the company houses were often such as no self-respecting family need complain of. I heard, indeed—and there were signs of its truth—that the houses had been comparatively neglected of recent years, and that the town was formerly much prettier; but some of the little homes were still decidedly attractive. Particularly was this the case of the houses whose yards were fenced in. I had once had some sympathy with the crusade, "Down with the fences," but my observations of New England factory towns made me ready to urge a crusade, "Up with the fences." On the finest residence streets in great cities the open lawn is the more beautiful; but among factory people, where the houses are of necessity close together, the removal of the fence signifies the loss of a garden, the abandonment of all effort after flowers, and gradually the disappearance of the grass. In fact, it means utter desolation, and is apt to signify that the home has lost all the charm and much of the privacy which the word home should always carry with it.

A Factory Boarding-House

One of the limitations upon such an investigation as I was undertaking was the relative difficulty of seeing the homes of the poorer class. No French Canadians ever suggested my going into their homes, and, indeed, I found them hard to talk with. The homes I saw were apt to be those of the more intelligent men with whom I wished to talk about industrial conditions. There was, however, one evening when a weaver took me about New Bedford to show me the seamy side of factory life, and I saw a few sorry-looking dwellings, and spent a most interesting hour in a factory boarding-house. In the latter place, some of the men who were gathered in the loafing-room (even smoking-room is too dignified a term to apply) were good talkers and probably good workmen. One or two of the group were already—it was just after supper—fuddled with drink, and my escort told me that the brighter men who showed no signs of drinking would not have been in this boarding-house unless they were, from some cause, black sheep. When I entered the room, the most intoxicated of the men greeted me most heartily, put his hand into his pocket, and began to pull out some money. When I informed him that I was not looking for money, he said that he took me for one of the officers of the union going around to collect dues, and we soon launched off into a discussion of the union and its demands. The men were practically a unit as regards the amount to which their wages had been cut; but as regards the demand of the weavers that the employers should abandon the fining system, the brightest workman stood decidedly with the employers. He was not fined, he said, once in six months, and he believed the fining system was necessary to keep men from botching their jobs. But this is a question which is more naturally discussed when we return to the general conflict between masters and men.

Living Well on $8 a Week

As an abode, this place was hardly more worthy of the name boarding-house than the ordinary boarding-house is worthy of the name home. But wretched lodgings of this sort were the exception. My surprise, when I visited the homes, was not at the squalor in which these operatives lived upon their pitifully small wages, but the neatness, self-respect, and even comfort which appeared nearly everywhere. Particularly was this true in the homes to which I was taken by the son of the Primitive Methodist minister. The families he took me to see were, of course, the church people in his father's parish. Nearly all of them were English families, and, being Methodists, they were families in which drink was regarded as the public enemy. If I had not known the wages that these people got, I should have assumed that weavers made fifteen dollars a week or more, instead of seven or eight. Usually there were but four rooms, but the one room with a stove, which was living-room, dining-room, and kitchen combined, was as neat as similar rooms have always been in the best American farm-houses.

One of the most interesting talks I had in New Bedford was with the Primitive Methodist pastor and his wife. When I had met them, and afterwards had met some of their church members, I could

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understand how it came about that so many—if not most—of the labor members of the British Parliament had gotten their training, moral and intellectual, for public life, in the Primitive Methodist Church. This Church, like all Methodist churches, calls upon its membership for active participation in church work, and, unlike many Methodist churches, is still thoroughly in sympathy with the aspirations of the poor. A little later I met a brilliant minister, naturally radical and naturally in sympathy with the labor movement, who spoke of the twenty per cent. cut in the factory people's wages as if it were almost a matter of unconcern. The Primitive Methodist minister and his wife, whose income for a month was less than the other pastor's income for a week, felt so keenly the cut in the wages of their parishioners that they could fairly be said to have suffered with them. Their income, though better than that of any of their parishioners, was still so small that they could both see and feel what a loss of one-fifth in wages meant in the workmen's families. They knew their parishioners, not by occasional visits to a mission church, but by working with them and living with them. Therefore, by reason of their poverty, they felt the spirit of brotherhood which the more brilliant man, living among the rich, was unable to comprehend.

To them brotherhood was not a creed but a feeling. Some of the pictures which this pastor's wife gave of the home lives of their people were as full of beauty and love as anything that Millet has painted. That which to me seemed hardest of all—the fact that wives as well as husbands went into the factory at daybreak, and remained till nightfall—had not, she said, destroyed home life. No husbands and wives she knew lived more lovingly and happily than some who rose together long before five o'clock, and worked together in getting ready the breakfast, or perhaps doing the week's washing, and at night, when they returned, joined in the same household tasks. The outward union of their lives seemed to make closer the union of their hearts. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," and, whatever the hardness of condition, love and faith can use them for the building up of finer characters.

Households Up side Down

But such triumphs of character over environment did not make better the environment. Owing, perhaps, to the fact that men's fingers are less nimble than women's, or owing, perhaps, to moral deficiencies, men drop out of the factories at an earlier age than women. There were many families where the women did the factory work and the men attended to the household. Each sex was taken out of its natural sphere, and, however well the women may have done the men's work, I could not help believing that the men did the women's work badly. It is a serious loss to a man when he is reduced to the "toting" of meals to those of his family who are at work, and it is a serious loss to a woman when she is kept all the day from those of her family who are at home. Where there were little babies in the family, it seemed to me that the evils of mothers working in the factories were so great as to demand a legislative remedy. Many of the mothers who worked all the week in the factories for six or seven dollars were paying from two to three dollars to some one else to look after their little ones. The mother may be able to look after the looms while she knows that a babe is crying for her at home, but the babe cannot make up the loss—and the thing is wrong. Every consideration which demanded that children should not be sacrificed for gain through their employment in the mills demands that babes shall not be sacrificed through the employment of nursing mothers. The law, like those prohibiting child labor, must not proceed faster than labor sentiment will support it, but whenever employment of young mothers is obviously an evil, it should be suppressed by law, and not left to the individual cupidity of husbands already too willing to add to their own comforts at the expense of their wives. Each workman should be required to do his part in what all agree that the good of his class demands. This legislative work, however, can only bring up the rear. The advance work in introducing a better social order must be the awakening of a better and more American sentiment among the working people. In fact, the sentiment against woman labor in the factory and in the field is so much stronger in America than in Europe that I could not help believing that the appall-

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ing number of wives and mothers in these factories was due to the displacement of American labor by British a generation ago, and the present displacing of British labor by French Canadians and Portuguese. In case these races shall in time be followed by West Indians and Malays, the process of introducing American standards of living will indeed be a long one; but such standards must be introduced if our political democracy is to continue to have a social democracy at its base.

The Americanizing Process

At present the process of Americanizing is going forward almost as rapidly as the foreign elements are being introduced. Two of the most interesting talks I had were with French Catholic priests—one in New Bedford and one near Dodgeville. Both of these men were in sympathy with American ideas—the one near Dodgeville, for instance, strongly indorsing the local option ordinance which kept his parish free from tippling and loafing places; and the one at New Bedford strongly indorsing the trades-union movement, to which he attributed the great shortening of hours since he came to this country twenty-five years ago. But what these men said of their own views was less important than what they said about their people. Both agreed that when French Canadians had lived in this country six or eight years they were never again contented to live in French Canada. The old New Bedford priest told me that he had known family after family to go back to the province of Quebec and perhaps purchase or pay the mortgage on the old farm, expecting to remain there the rest of their days. But first one or two of the young people would find their way back to this country, and finally the old people would come and settle where all their children were. For the poorer classes America is still the land of opportunity, and their hearts cannot be alienated.

Trades-Unions

During the first years they are in this country, said the old French priest, his people were not likely to connect themselves with any of the trades-unions, but when they had gone back to Canada and returned again, they were almost certain to join the organizations to which the workmen of other nationalities belonged. These organizations, however, are almost entirely in the hands of the English and Irish. I spent a good deal of time talking with the leaders, generally at the union rooms, and I saw almost as many Scotchmen as French Canadians, though the number of Scotch operatives is relatively insignificant. Indeed, it is the disposition of the English-speaking workmen to form trades-unions that leads some employers to express a decided preference for French Canadian labor. The two leaders whom I saw most of, Ross, of the spinners, and Hart, of the weavers, were English and Irish respectively. I was interested to meet these two men, because I had heard the former so highly praised, and the latter so bitterly condemned, by one or two employers. I found that each had the confidence of his union about as much as the other, and that each appeared to deserve it about as much. Ross was a suave, tactful little man, who already was a representative of New Bedford in the Legislature, and would probably in a few years be entirely outside of the ranks of labor. Hart was a vehement man, who felt strongly the sufferings of his class, and expected always to be identified with it. The former would be much the better negotiator, while no agitator at all; the latter would be much the better agitator, while no negotiator at all. These two types everywhere dominate trades-unions. Unfortunately, it is the latter type which generally prepares the statements of grievances given to the public in time of conflict, when only strong words express the feelings of the rank and file in the unions. For upper-class consumption these strong words are worse than worthless, since expressions of emotion for which an audience is unprepared arouse aversion instead of sympathy. But the strong feeling which is expressed is the real basis of the labor movement, and the mere business negotiators like Ross could never do the pioneer work of building up unions to a point where membership brings gain instead of self-sacrifice.

The Cut in Wages

My talk with these men was chiefly of the strike—now a thing of the past—and of the wage cuts and the fining system, which still remain sources of discontent. The statements about wages have already been outlined. The reductions during this decade had been about 20 per cent., and the reductions during the

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last twenty or twenty-five years had been from 40 to 50 per cent. When I asked a clear-headed young manufacturer about the reductions during the last twenty-five years, his figures made it about 40 per cent. Weavers in 1873 or thereabouts, he said, made $50 to $60 a month, where they now make $30 to $35. Yet this manufacturer, who so clearly recognized the fall in money wages, corresponding to the fall in prices, in the field of his personal observation, believed that official statistics showed a rise of wages in other industries. When I began to write this article, I was interested to see what the last census said about wages in Massachusetts cotton-factories. I knew before that this census exaggerated wages, but I was a little taken aback when I found the statement that between 1880 and 1890 average wages in these factories had advanced over 30 per cent. On reference to the admirable articles on factory life at Fall River published in the "American Wool and Cotton Reporter" last July, I found that the fall in wages was there estimated at 50 per cent. in the last twenty years. The statements made to the investigator for this manufacturers' journal were in entire accord with the statements made to me, or pictured even greater losses. As between the first-hand testimony of men who have spent their lives in making cotton, and the official statistics of a partisan census, there was no question which to trust.

The Unemployed

The manufacturer who talked with me about the fall in wages during the last twenty-five years said that he was sure that prices had fallen even more, and that the working people had more pleasures and more comforts than when he was a boy. This seemed probable. It was certainly true if the city pleasures and comforts of which he spoke had more value than the village pleasures and comforts which are made more difficult by advancing population and advancing rents. Provisions and clothing and amusements had certainly fallen somewhat more than wages. The losses to the working people from the wage-cuts had not come in the lessened value of their wages when they had work, but in the prolonged losses of work before these cuts were made and accepted. On the farms, where men employ themselves, no one stops work when prices fall; but in the cities, where most men are wage-earners, when prices fall, work slackens. Nothing is more difficult than reducing wages, and both manufacturers and men prefer to run the mills part time at old wages rather than make or take a cut. This restriction of production keeps up the prices of manufactured goods, but these high prices themselves lessen consumption and thus increase the numbers of the unemployed. The terrible ordeals of suffering through which New Bedford and Fall River have gone have been due to the hopeless struggles to keep prices on an artificially high level, by agreements between employers and employed to slacken work, or by disagreements which stopped it altogether. The sufferings of the farmers caused by their enforced acceptance of falling prices have not been greater than the sufferings of city laborers caused by their attempts to avert falling prices. The problem of the unemployed in the cities and the problem of falling prices in the rural districts are one and the same problem.

The Fining System

The other evil of which the men complained, besides the repeated cuts in wages and lack of employment, was the system of fining the weavers for defective work. Some of the weavers told me that for a single flaw, which didn't keep the manufacturers from selling the goods as first quality, they were often docked their pay for the entire piece. They were willing, the union officers told me, to accept discharge if they didn't do fair work, but they regarded the fining system as oppressive. To the complaint about excessive fines the manufacturers' answer was clear and explicit. While the weavers were docked their entire pay upon a seriously defective piece, the weavers' pay was only a small part of the value of the goods, and the manufacturers lost upon the whole. As to the suggested remedy of the weavers' union, they said that they could not discharge hands whenever discipline was needed. Discipline, they insisted, was all that they desired, as the total revenue from fines was a mere bagatelle. So strongly did the employers put this point—with which some weavers concurred—yet so strongly did other weavers urge that harsh foremen defrauded them by excessive fines, that I could not help recurring to the Consumers' League's

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remedy for the abuses of the fining system in stores. Let the fines go to some fund for the employees. All incentive to injustice is thus removed, and the fines become a part of the wages of the good workmen. The interests of employers and employed are no longer in conflict, and both share in the gains which better work and greater harmony bring.

The Massachusetts Schools

But an article on Massachusetts factory towns should not close without a word about the schools in which the factory children are educated. These formed the one altogether bright feature of my investigation. If I had not long before been converted to a belief in compulsory education, this visit would have converted me. The children of the French Canadians, I found, remained in school until thirty weeks after they were thirteen years old, and then were withdrawn to be placed in the factories. The law alone prevented the selfishness of parents from sacrificing the future of their children and of their class. The schools, too, were uniformly of a high grade. As I have said, the most depressing towns I saw were Dodgeville and Hebron. But, as I was coming through the latter, I visited the school, and found it as good as those of New Bedford, and better than those of New York City. The work for the little children was enlivened by kindergarten methods, the work for the older children was enlivened by reading the best of interesting literature, and all the rooms were made attractive by pictures. The collection of Perry pictures, which the principal showed me, cost but a cent apiece, and yet reproduced exquisitely for the children the best things in art. Schools like these, supplemented by public libraries like those of Massachusetts, put every child where he can forge ahead for himself in almost any post-graduate course he may select. The growth of a laboring caste is impossible. When I came away from the district and thought of the immense strides forward which the immigrants, and, still more, the children of the immigrants, were making, it seemed to me as if the loss which immigration was causing was in some degree counterbalanced by the gains. Indeed, I should say that the gain completely offsets the loss did not I not know that whatever impairs democracy here retards democracy all over the world. For the world's sake as well as for our own we cannot afford to have the quality of our citizenship lowered. But the quality of our citizenship is not lowered by immigration with anything like the rapidity which the sight of the new arrivals would seem to promise. The ideas, the opportunities, the responsibilities of our democracy change them into a new order of men. Whatever the Old World may say about the superiority of administration secured by its method of class rule, the advantage is not to be compared with the superiority of the common manhood secured by the American method of mass rule. The power of our democracy to transform hands into men awakens new faith in American institutions.

Abraham Lincoln's Birthday

By Richard H. Stoddard

From the New York "Mail and Express," February 12 1898

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
  Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
  Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load—
  The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
  Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, counselors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

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My Literary Neighbors

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

FEW literary men and women now remain who were fortunate enough to be on the edge, as it were, of that interesting circle which formed a kind of nodal point in American literature at Boston forty years ago. Similar nodal points had occurred elsewhere—as in the case of the "Hartford Wits" so well described by Frederick Sheldon in his paper "The Pleiades of Connecticut" in the "Atlantic Monthly" (XV., 187), or the "Knickerbocker" writers, equally well portrayed by John R. Dennett in the "Nation" (V., 459). The later Boston circle, probably more far-reaching in its influence than either of these, was the combined result of a new literary impulse and a great moral reform. Not that each of those who made up the circle was touched by each of these influences, but that collectively the group was reached, touched, and molded by both.

The group may be said to have really divided itself into two concentric circles, of which both included Emerson—the man in whom both the purely literary and the reformatory impulses best united themselves. Of these two concentric circles the one most generally recognized—the purely literary group, that is—included Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, while to these might be joined, for literary rather than social classification, Hawthorne and Thoreau. To these might fairly enough be added, in a secondary way, Agassiz, who always fraternized more with literary men than with scientists, perhaps because there were more of them; also Motley, during his rare visits to this country; Parkman, Whipple, and a few of lesser fame. Of those still living, however eminent, I forbear to speak.

In viewing separately the six or eight leading men of this literary circle, it is to be noted that they were, after all, exceedingly various in tastes and quality of mind. Hawthorne, for instance, in an imaginary sketch of the men of the period, characterizes Holmes simply as "vivacious," and the more solid and serious side of the Autocrat hardly dawned even on Emerson until Holmes came earnestly and seriously in conflict with the lingering remnant of Calvinism. Again, Longfellow's gentle, high-bred, courteous nature could never have joined in the irreverent sallies of Lowell's "Fable for Critics;" and Whittier's whole training gave him a sympathy with labor and with the common pursuits of life which none of the others could quite well share, since the early associations of all the rest were with the professional class—what the French call *gens de la robe*. This last class did not, however, include Thoreau, who, although now promising to surpass several of the group in fame, was then absolutely detached from it; he was thought of as only a rather odd disciple of Emerson, and had scarcely any intercourse with the rest of the circle of which I speak; indeed, Concord itself hardly recognized his genius any more than Boston. In this again his position differed from that of Hawthorne, of whom Salem was already proud, even when he excluded his neighbors from his doors, and who was solitary from preference, while Thoreau was solitary from neglect and non-appreciation.

In turning now to the non-literary aspect of these men's lives, we find that some of them, at least, were brought into close contact with a tolerably well-defined circle of reformers who were highly cultivated persons and yet not primarily literary men. Emerson, for instance, was closely associated with Parker and Alcott; Longfellow with Sumner; Lowell with Phillips and Quincy; while Whittier consorted freely with politicians of the progressive type. As to Holmes and Hawthorne, on the other hand, their friends as well as themselves were mainly conservative. Yet even the friendships thus indicated had their limitations; for instance, the robust and heroic Parker, who had essentially "that brave plebeian soul" which he himself attributed to Martin Luther, felt free, with his enormous and miscellaneous knowledge, to deal with literary as well as moral criticism; he held Lowell to be of rather light weight, and complained of him as "having no enemies;" thought so little of Thoreau that

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he would not invite him to write for the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review," which Parker conducted for three years; and even said of his beloved Emerson that a "Pine-Tree" which should talk like Emerson's ought to be cut down and cast into the sea. Among such varied influences as these it is obvious that any suggestion of "mutual admiration" was quite remote from the facts. It was, indeed, a period of marked individuality, and men were associated by a common spirit of sincerity rather than by catch-words and set phrases. This made their society more stimulating as well as more nutritious.

It would doubtless be too great a liberty for me to speak of these eminent men—the youngest of them five years older than myself—as friends. Lowell had been my schoolmate and was an intimate friend of my elder brothers, as was Holmes, who was also a next-door neighbor. Longfellow was a family friend, and one of his sisters was often a guest at our house. My first interview with Whittier was of my own seeking, and has been described elsewhere; but I lived at one time near his Amesbury home, and then knew him more intimately, perhaps, than any of the others. I never spoke to Hawthorne, though I was several times in the same room with him; but after his death I was brought by circumstances into somewhat intimate relations with his household, especially with his daughter Una, a singularly noble and attractive woman. I cannot quite recall the time and place when I first met Emerson, but I had enjoyed his lectures even as a boy, and he had, in return for some youthful verses timidly offered him for the last volume of the "Dial," written me a brief letter which has always seemed to me a masterpiece. It ran as follows: "Dear Sir—I thank you for giving me the opportunity of reading your verses called 'Sunset Thoughts.' They have truth and earnestness, and a happier hour may add that external perfection which can neither be commanded nor described. P. S. Perhaps, after all, I may print these verses in the 'Dial.'" He never did it, and perhaps they would only, if printed, have accelerated the impending doom of that magazine; but the exquisite phrase about the "happier hour" and the "neither commanded nor described" not only acted as a soothing benediction upon one boyish soul, but gave a formula for literary work which was worth more than all praises. It will be seen that I was brought, in one way or another, into personal contact with these six eminent men even before the acquaintance was made more close by being admitted, as a younger contributor, to the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly."

As for Thoreau, he had left Harvard University just as I entered it, and I knew him first in the pages of the "Dial." Perhaps my first sight of him may have been when I rashly invited him, on my own responsibility, to lecture in Boston about 1851. It was a tragic occasion for me, financially speaking, as a furious snowstorm held away even the little audience that might otherwise have gathered; the janitor of the building was kept at home, and we had to take refuge in a small neighboring hall occupied by a "Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association," where a dozen young apprentices, after vainly trying to comprehend the lecture gratis, turned for comfort to their daily newspapers, and the address was finished to a rustling accompaniment of leaves. In later years I used to see Thoreau in Worcester, where he came to visit his friends Blake and Theo. Brown—his arrival at the house being sometimes first made manifest by the presence on a hall chair of a bundle neatly done up in a bandana handkerchief or even a newspaper, those often serving him as a substitute for trunk or portmanteau. It seemed to his woodman's spirit that luggage should be reduced to a minimum, as is advised for soldiers; and his companion in his Canada travels once said to me: "It is easy to do up a fortnight in any moderate-sized newspaper."

But friends in the sense of superiors and literary exemplars all these were to me. All rendered me kindnesses, conscious or unconscious, and to most of them I owe a lifelong debt. With their judgments I was often compelled to disagree; always dissenting, for instance, from Lowell's view of Margaret Fuller and of Thoreau; but there was among them an essential manliness of tone and an absence of petty jealousies and even of those faults which are still considered the attributes of men of genius. They paid their debts, they lived cleanly; they had, in

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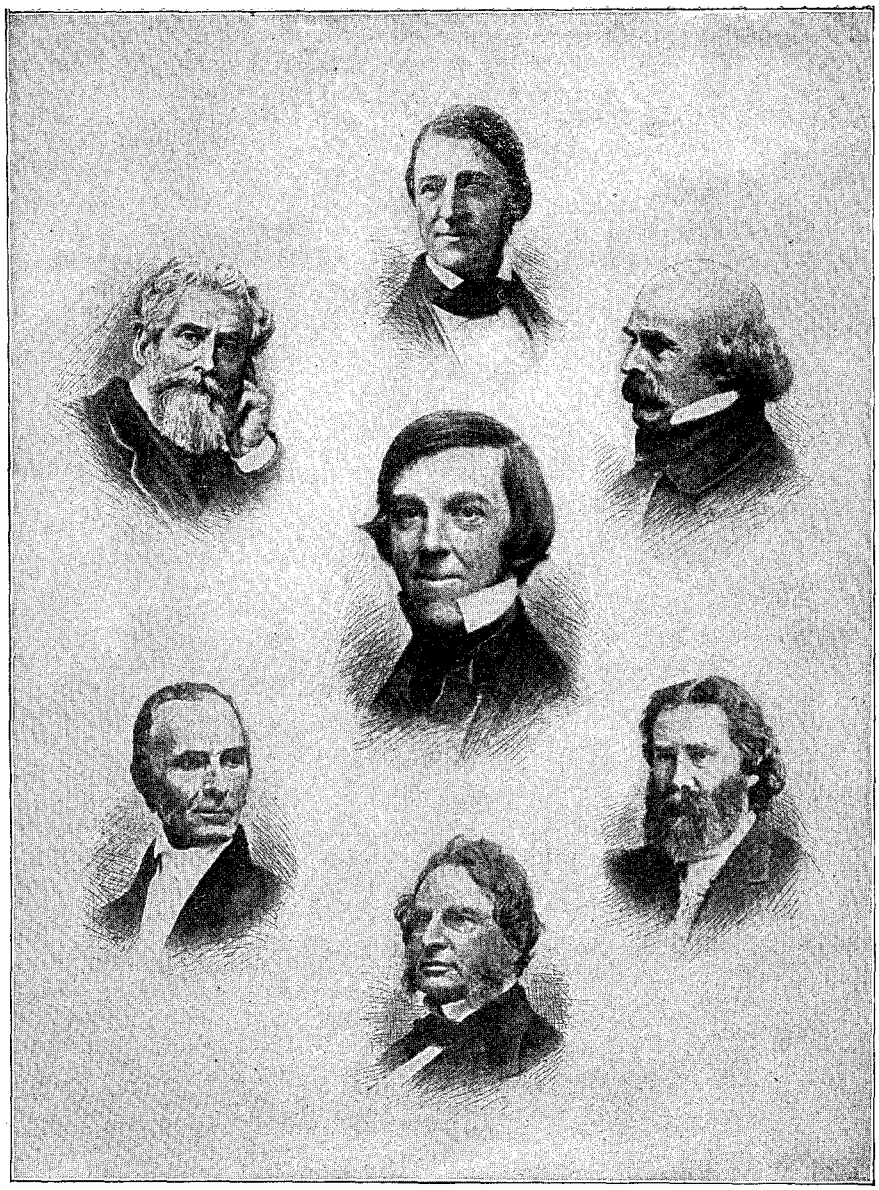

A GROUP FROM THE SATURDAY CLUB

Motley
Whittier
Emerson
Holmes
Longfellow
Hawthorne
Lowell

short, traditions of honesty and decency which the more zealous admirers of less scrupulous men of genius have not always found it easy to forgive. Their talk was well-bred and manly; nor was there ever any visible sign of that taste for unseemly subjects which so disgusted Carlyle, among the leading literary men of London in 1832, that he wrote to his brother, "The conversation was about the basest I ever listened to;" and which he described in his diary as having "not a little obscenity." The talk of the Boston set of men had another characteristic not always now to be found in literary circles, that it was simply and naturally American; it did not seem to occur to any one that it was not as good a thing to live and work here as anywhere; that there were not materials as valuable, hopes as fine. The curious

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disposition to migrate to London for a residence or workshop, which now seems to be growing with minor American authors, and which seems to me the surest way to keep them always minor, had not then set in. There was also in this circle a tone of social simplicity which was refreshing; the dinners of the Atlantic Club would not now be regarded as elaborate, although of course there was always wine, even on the celebrated occasion when it was nominally excluded for the benefit of Mrs. Stowe. These dinners were discontinued after the magazine passed into the hands of Ticknor and Fields, this being largely done to spare the purses of the less affluent contributors. In another respect also I notice the comparative simplicity of that period—and, indeed, even now, of American as compared with English literary men—namely, in the absence of all parade of academical or other titles. It would have been strange indeed to see the coffin-plate of Lowell or Longfellow inscribed, like that of the late Lord Playfair, with eleven capital letters denoting society memberships or honorary degrees.

It was also noticeable, I think, that even authors of English birth who had been brought when very young to America became in those days distinctively American in their tone of thought. Of no one was this more true than in respect to James Parton, whom I came to know intimately at a somewhat later time, when we both resided at Newport, R. I. Perhaps of all the literary men whom I have known he was the most utterly truthful, simple, ingenuous, and unselfish; and yet, strange to say, the men to whom he devoted himself as biographer scarcely ever had these qualities which were so strong in him. Even Jackson and Franklin could not with absolute justice be described by these epithets; they did not, certainly, characterize Voltaire; while Burr and Butler were distinguished by the want of these precise traits. The explanation was, I think, in that chivalry of nature, so strong in Parton, which likes to defend men who are attacked; to make the best of their faults and to exaggerate their virtues. Keen, penetrating, even at moments judicial, Parton yet identified himself with his clients, and insisted on clothing them, if possible, with his own virtues. As a consequence his biographies were largely untrustworthy, and in his only attempt to deal with a living subject the book became a romance. I wish that any one who doubts this would read in my official narrative, "Massachusetts in the Army and Navy, 1861–5," the chapter containing Parton's account of Butler's Baltimore and Annapolis career as compared with the facts appearing in the actual despatches and telegrams of the period, as given in the "Official Records." The two narratives are so far apart that they seem to have nothing in common; it is as if we were reading the adventures of two different men.

It is true that Parton did not have, as we now have, the "Official Records" in print; he doubtless followed Butler's own statements; but even when he wrote, enough had come to light to discredit those statements at almost every point, and to show that much of the glamour which surrounded Butler at that early period was a thing destined to be dispelled by time. It is now unquestionable that the plan which took Butler round Baltimore, to avoid the troubles there, was not in the least Butler's own, but was quietly worked out by a modest railway superintendent, Samuel Morse Felton, who arranged everything to facilitate it; that it was originally opposed by Butler, who finally carried it out under orders, and would have been liable to court martial had he done anything but what he did; and that he, finding the thing a success, assumed all the credit of it, and handed the glory over to Parton for narration as an established fact, to be duly recorded. Yet there was never a more sincere or more unselfish admiration than that of Parton for Butler; and the more crushing the exhibition of his hero's faults, the more he clung to that hero. Fortunately, in dealing with Voltaire, in the production of what he regarded as the great work of his life, he dealt with facts of history further removed and less dangerous to deal with; and in this, as in all his books, the quality of readableness is universal. His fame, at one time great, has waned; he was defrauded by men in whom he trusted; but he left a singularly pure and honorable record behind him.

His is but one among the instances which every literary man too easily recalls as years advance, of those who seemed in

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their day brilliant and permanent, but have failed to secure a lasting name. I have never heard upon any platform an eloquence so thrilling as that of my cousin William Henry Channing; never encountered a soul which seemed to utter itself in such bursts of pure elemental fire as that of John Weiss; never met any one whose thought appeared to pass below that of others, like a subsoil plow, as in the case of David Wasson; never knew any one so Macaulay-like in ready and varied knowledge as Edwin Whipple; and yet their memories are already fading or faded. Almost the same might be said of the two friends who seemed like twins—Samuel Johnson and Samuel Longfellow; they dreamed with absolute and unselfish devotion of moving the world, and yet left behind them for visible token only a hymn-book. More remarkable than any of these instances, perhaps, was that of Joseph Brownlee Brown, of Newburg, N. Y., whose remarkable manuscript volume, "The Open Secret," was for some time in my hands, and was printed only to the extent of two or three chapters in the "Atlantic Monthly." All these belonged probably to that class of genius of which Emerson said that its focus was a little too long or too short, or to that classification to which one of the most brilliant of American women once assigned herself—"a pair of tongs which do not quite reach the fire."

ELIZABETH PEABODY

Even the weight and influence of Theodore Parker, as exerted in a literary way, during the period I am describing, have passed too much from sight, although the religious denomination which sought to cast him out has long since changed front and counted him among its heroes. It is a curious fact that, even at this day, he who wishes to purchase a set of Parker's collected works must send to England for an edition, as none has ever appeared in America. This neglect grew, strangely enough, in part from his virtues; I myself often urged him to attend to the matter during his lifetime, but he always pleaded that his numerous pamphlets had appeared through a variety of publishers, that some of them were still in sale, and he did not wish to wrong any of these men, who had risked their money on an unpopular author. Then, in making his will, he designated as his literary executor a friend who had been kind to him in his last illness, but who had no literary aptitude, and who, so far as I know, never made an effort to present the volumes in order. Many years after, and on the death of Mrs. Parker, the executorship passed to Mr. F. B. Sanborn—the very man who ought, as Parker's friends thought, to have been originally selected—but it came to him too late in a very busy life to do the work with any fullness. It was thus a series of accidents, all growing out of Parker's generous heart, which prevented the earlier execution. Fortunately, his large and choice library, comprising books in some forty different languages, was bequeathed by him to the city of Boston; and I had the pleasure of writing a description of it for one of the annual reports of the Boston Public Library. It was unquestionably, while he lived, the most valuable private library in the city, except, perhaps, that of George Ticknor, which was too much specialized to be properly compared with it.

As a source of miscellaneous information, I have never met Parker's equal; and if he was sometimes inaccurate, it was only with that inevitable percentage of this drawback which always accompanies a vast memory. With insatiable love of knowledge, and with the sturdy constitution of a farmer's boy; amid the immense preoccupations of a hard-working preacher, pastor, lecturer, and philanthropist, he yet read, as Emerson said of Margaret Fuller, "at a rate like Gibbon's;" and when one looks over, in Carlyle's lately published journals, the list, extending

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through pages on pages, of books read or to be read, one is irresistibly reminded of Parker. His memory was as marvelous as his studies; and he could direct you for information, not only to the book, but to the very page desired. Wishing to find something in Calhoun's works, I was sent by him to it at once, in the five-volume edition in his library; and on my expressing surprise at his promptness, he at once repeated to me the table of contents of the first volume, adding that he had not looked into the book for twenty years. A still more remarkable instance occurred when, in preparing a lecture on the history of slavery, I was desirous of finding out something about the barbaric French codes of the Middle Ages—the Salic, Burgundian, and Ripuarian—before their codification by Charlemagne. I applied to those who were regarded as the most learned lawyers in Boston—Chief Justice Shaw, the present Justice Gray, and, finally, Charles Sumner. Not one of them could give me any information, or even indicate any book upon the subject; but Sumner at last said, "Try Parker." I stated the case to him, and he replied, "Go to the Harvard College Library, and in the fifth shelf in the fourth left-hand alcove"—I may have got the numbers wrong—"you will find a small, thick quarto volume entitled 'Potgieser de Statu Servorum,' which will give you all the information you want, and more than you can use." I went there, instantly put my hand on the book, and was overwhelmed with a vast flood of German erudition bearing on the very facts I sought.

Some years after the original Atlantic Club had passed away, the Radical Club, called also later the Chestnut Street Club, came to be (in 1867) a headquarters of literary men of the more speculative type, and brought together more talent, I have always thought, than any series of symposia I have ever attended. It had from first to last that mingling of brains which only the society of women can give, and some of its most valued members were of that sex; and it was, moreover, always held at the house of the Rev. John T. Sargent, and had the supervision of his attractive and independent wife. The meetings were held monthly, in the morning. Mr. Sargent opened the session and then withdrew to the background, except to introduce the speakers; the previous planning and combining having been arranged mainly by Mrs. Sargent. The Club gained a wide celebrity at one time from a very clever description of it in rhyme—a sketch which was extensively circulated through the press and had many strokes of wit and some of malice, these last being in several instances so gross and insulting that its author habitually denied its authorship, and that I in turn forbear to quote it. Let me rather substitute, as a fairer characterization of the Club, the following innocent sketch from one of the "Poetical Picnics" it sometimes held; some rhymes which can by no means be said to be disavowed by their author, since I wrote them myself:

THE RADICAL CLUB

Sometimes a menagerie enters this door,
With birds that can warble and lions that roar.
Through all the long morning they bellow or sing
Till the Queen of the Caravan enters the ring.
Her smiles she distributes, her rations she shares,
'Mid the lambs and the lions, the bores and the bears.
To make them as docile as doves she is able
With a glance of her eye or a glimpse at her table;
Each anxious logician grows gay as a ballad
When she offers a morsel of soothing or salad;
He forgets in a moment his creeds and his causes
When she feeds him with apples or cheers with applauses.
Here Alcott reverts to the Banquet of Plato;
The tea-urn plays censer to Phillips's Cato;
Weiss brings with him salt which the Attic surpasses,
And Wasson disdains not to lunch with the masses;
Each favorite idol is laid on the shelf:
Mrs. Howe forgets Hegel, and every one self.

The published volume of this Club contains the names, as essayists or debaters, of almost all that was most original or strenuous in the Boston of that day. Of clergymen there were the leaders of the more progressive wing of Unitarianism and of the new-born "Free Religion;" that is, there were Hedge, Bartol, Weiss, Wasson, W. H. Channing, Samuel Longfellow, C. C. Everett, O. B. Frothingham, W. C. Gannett, W. J. Potter, and the French Athanase Coquerel. As representatives of science there were Benjamin Peirce, Nathaniel S. Shaler, Edward S. Morse, Alpheus Hyatt, T. Sterry Hunt,

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MRS J. T. SARGENT

JULIA WARD HOWE

J. W. Powell, and John Fiske, then known chiefly as a scientist. To represent literature and the general spirit of reform there were Emerson, Holmes, Wendell Phillips, A. B. Alcott, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth P. Peabody, Thomas Davidson, Henry James (senior), F. B. Sanborn, and Mrs. A. H. Leonowens. Phillips Brooks was sometimes there as a listener, never as a speaker; and the same might be said of Whittier. The setting of the whole scene was one of the finest in Boston—lofty parlors, old French furniture brought to this country after the sacking of the Tuileries, and some fine old family pictures, including a full-length portrait of the host's mother as a young girl playing the harp, while the harp she had played upon stood unstrung in the corner of the drawing-room.

It was here that the oldest and newest views were discussed without fear or favor, for a long series of winters, from 1867 to about 1880, the host having died in 1877. No transplantation or prolongation was ever even suggested, and though other

MARGARET FULLER

LUCRETIA MOTT

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clubs outwardly similar have existed in Boston, there has been no other which would have been recognized by the faithful as being in any degree the successor of that which met in Chestnut Street. It is largely due, however, to the traditions of the Radical Club that it has never been found necessary in Boston to provide in similar debates for any disputant beyond the leading essayist; the natural fertility of speech among Bostonians being, it would seem, a sufficient guarantee of ample discussion afterwards. I have addressed similar gatherings in other cities where the debaters have been regularly selected beforehand and where the essayist was expected to submit to them a syllabus of his remarks. This gave more care in preparation, but took away all freshness; and also limited the freedom of the speaker, who sometimes, accidentally omitting some of his proposed remarks, had the amusement of hearing them afterwards refuted as laboriously as if they had been spoken.

The practice of beginning each intellectual conclave with "a paper" has been carried almost to excess in many places, and is liable to one or two disadvantages. It places the speaker in the position so felicitously described by Mrs. Howe, when she spoke of it as resembling that ancient punishment where a criminal was first smeared with honey and then hung up to be stung to death by wasps. Thus does each subsequent debater frequently begin with a compliment and end with a sting; but there is another great evil which grows out of this class of discussion, that it rarely hits the real point of a serious writer, but is apt to fasten on some salient though minor matter and proceed wholly from that, leaving the essential subject out of sight. This can be avoided only by a discreet and tactful presiding officer, and for such control no functionary existed at the Radical Club. As a result, the talk was sometimes trivial and disappointing, although at other times it rose to the level of the best. Still another fault was the prevalence of very inexact and haphazard reports in the newspapers, often making the speaker say the very reverse of what he intended. This did more than anything else for the final downfall of the Club, several of the most valuable members, as Emerson and Samuel Longfellow, finally ceasing to attend for expressly this reason. Warned by this, the club in Boston which now perhaps most recalls the flavor of the old Radical Club, the "Round Table," absolutely excludes all reporters.

Women took but a minor part in the meetings of the Radical Club, and yet that part was essential and could ill have been spared. In this respect it was far superior, in my judgment, to all clubs composed of either sex alone. Not only Mrs. Howe, but Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Lucretia Mott, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, and the vivacious and impetuous Kate Field, bore a fearless part in these discussions; and among these Miss Peabody was especially remarkable for her knowledge of ancient history and mythology, in which no man present could easily cope with her. Most brilliant of them all, Helen Hunt ("H.H.") came once or twice, preserving a silence which her gay and trenchant tongue broke easily afterwards, pouring volleys of keen and kindly satire upon the pert, the presumptuous, and the shallow. It is a curious fact that, as Hannah More's reputation as a moralist buries under it the levity and gayety of her earlier years, so Helen Hunt (under her later name of Helen Jackson) stands before the community mainly as the unwearied advocate of the Indians, and not as the wit, the keen observer, the passionate poet, of the years which first made her famous. That the reputed author of the Saxe Holm Stories should also be the writer of "A Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona" implies a far wider orbit than anything which Mrs. Stowe's career ever comprised.

A Bostonian, after visiting Edinburgh for the first time, told me lately that he had a curious sense of being at home there, since it seemed so much like Boston. In both cases there was a literary tradition which had somewhat waned and which still left an atmosphere behind it. Perhaps I do not find, for instance, that even those youths who would like to be Bohemian are now greatly stirred to envy by the high-jinks described in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ;" while Christopher North's persistent mannerisms make his writings at last hard reading. If we include in the Boston circle, as has always been the custom, the whole region which surrounds it,

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the Boston flavor has, on the whole, sustained itself quite as well as the Scotch; we do not find that the society has grown duller on the whole than formerly, although there are fewer brilliant and quotable personalities. The general standard of both intellectual and social training has certainly much improved.

At the height of the Augustan period, I remember that a clever New York maiden remarked to me, after visiting Boston under very favorable auspices, that Bostonians always spoke of music and plastic art as if they were merely branches of literature; which was really a very keen stroke, at a period when great pictures and symphonies were known largely through the biographies of their authors. Margaret Fuller, for instance, wrote a long and very readable essay on "Lives of the Great Composers" with but a very slight knowledge of the works they had composed. I find myself surrounded at Cambridge with men who know far more in their special departments than was known to all Bostonians put together, fifty years ago; and though these men are sometimes shy students, they are quite as often cultivated men of the world. One of them, on my quoting to him the late Lord Houghton's remark as to the difficulty of getting together in London a dinner-party of people who spoke French, said that he should have no difficulty in gathering in Cambridge a sufficient table-full of guests to meet a Frenchman, a German, a Spaniard, or an Italian, and to converse with him in his own language. Even in our own tongue, the average style of composition has so far developed that many things which appeared in the early numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly" would be rejected by the editorship of to-day. In the enormous spread of the nation, it would be absurd to expect one corner of it to retain the precedence it held in the days of small things; and, after all, of what importance is it? The thing essential is to have a literature which shall express the spirit of the nation; and when that is secured, there will be no more interest in knowing what State of the Union it comes from than in inquiring in which particular corner of a man's farm he raises those remarkably fine Seek-no-further apples.

Wood Music

By Samuel Minturn Peck

I know a woodland far away
Whose dappled paths with dew besprent
Enthrall the heart with many a lay
To lead the listener to content;
And through the seasons harsh or bland
Arise from Nature's leafy choir
Far nobler strains than mortal hand
Can ever win from reed or lyre.

There hies the frolic blue-eyed Spring
By glistening rill and greening brake,
Above the downy buds to sing
And bid the sleeping wood awake.
The thrilling boughs keep lissome time
And burgeon 'neath the fairy spell,
Till all the glen is gay with rhyme
Too sweet for wreathèd words to tell.

Comes rosy Summer through the boughs,
'Neath silver moon and sunset glow,
Who only breathes of tender vows,
And each dear pain that lovers know.
So gentle is her melody,
So rich with hopes, so sad with fears,
When morning bids the shadows fly,
Behold the leaves are wet with tears!

Next pensive Autumn takes her lyre,
And straight the strings are turned to gold
While Memory tells her vain desire
In sobbing strains across the wold.
Oh, drift, ye leaves, and chiller blow
Ye winds that wail along the hill!
Though echo faint of grief below,
Yet keeps the wood its music still.

For hark the stormy chords that surge
When icy Winter grasps the trees,
With greater power the soul to purge
Than all the world-famed tragedies.
Now rings the clash of sword and mail,
And arrows hurtling from the bow,
Till all the stress of Homer's tale
Swells on the north wind's epic woe.

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HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN

Thomas Lincoln moved into this cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, three miles from Hodgenville, in La Rue County, Kentucky, in 1808; and here, on February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. The cabin was long ago torn down, but the logs were saved. The new owners, in August, 1895, rebuilt the old cabin on the original plan. The Outlook reproduces this picture, by permission, from a photograph taken for the S. S. McClure Company and copyrighted by it.

Abraham Lincoln

By Garrett Newkirk

A house of logs, low, windowless, and small,
Fireplace of stones and clay;
Stick-chimney queer, one southward open door
For light and cheer of day.

A slender woman, young, in homespun garb,
A man-child bending o'er,
Within a lowly cradle gently rocked
Upon the earthen floor.

A cradle rude, God's basket, like the ark
That lay among the reeds
Upon the Nile, filled with a nation's hope
And promise of great deeds.

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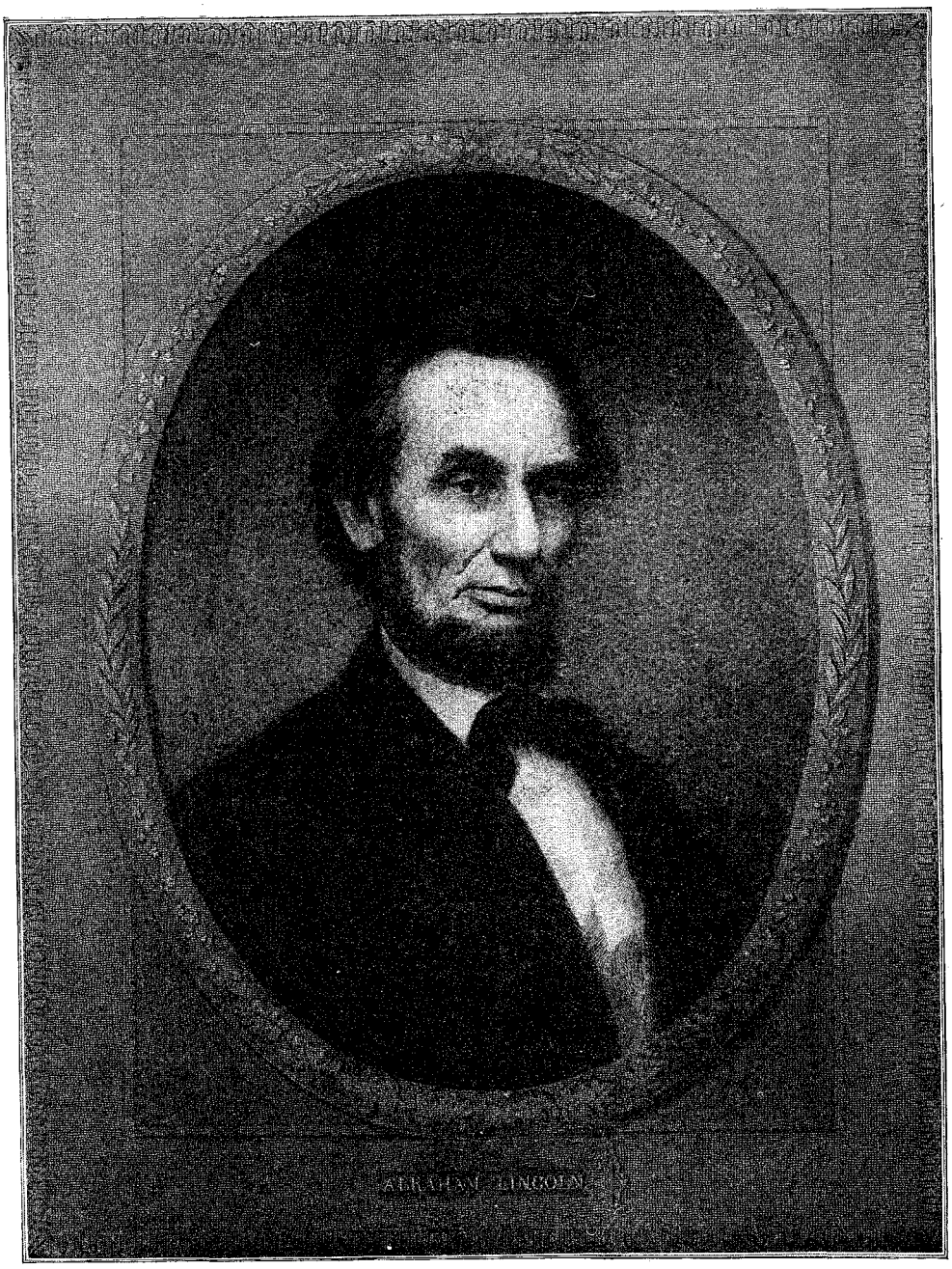

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
From the Painting by William E. Marshall.

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The Aunt of the Savages

By Jane Barlow

MAC BARRY and his cousin Aylmer O'Sullivan had spent a rather dreary week at Sheenagh House, to which they had been suddenly driven over from Glenamber away beyond the other end of the Lough, because in the household there a case of measles had occurred very inopportunely just before the great occasion of their cousin Norah's wedding. The two little boys did not like their change of quarters, for at Sheenagh House they found nobody but two elderly servants and Uncle Stephen, an old bachelor, who did not care for children and did care for having things tidy. Mrs. Connell, the cook, and Lizzie, the parlor-maid, thought it their duty to be constantly "keeping an eye on the young gentlemen," and to the young gentlemen this seemed an inconvenient and evil eye which discovered mischief in the most harmless occupations. So they sometimes considered the hours too long in those showery July days. Then one morning Uncle Stephen, on his way in to breakfast, came upon them where they were making a plantation, with seedling sycamores grubbed up in the shrubbery, just at the bottom of the hall-door steps. It was not, perhaps, a very suitable situation, and they certainly had scattered about a great deal of black earth, keeping a liberal supply for their own hands and faces. Uncle Stephen seemed annoyed when he stopped to tell them that they must not make such a mess; and as he was going in he added: "I believe your Aunt Amy is coming to see you this afternoon, so I hope by that time you will look more like civilized beings and less like young savages."

Thereupon Mac and Aylmer, who had already breakfasted, went and talked grumblingly under the big sycamore close by.

"I wonder where this old Aunt is coming from *bovvering*," said Mac. "There weren't any of them at Glenamber."

"I don't like aunts," said Aylmer. "Mine is always asking me seven times three times, and the dates of kings, and things that are no affairs of hers."

"Mine are great-aunts, and they talk and talk as if a person was always wanting to hear about kittens and old tame robins," Mac said, with inappreciative reminiscence of conversations carefully adapted to his probable tastes.

"We might stay away outside till she's gone," suggested Aylmer.

"Let's go and live like wild savages, and never come back here any more, for one can't be let do a single thing," Mac said, with resentful reference to their unfinished plantation.

"Savages is black," Aylmer objected.

"Well," said Mac, "and I dare say we might *grow* black, if people let us alone." He looked hopefully at his grimy hands.

"What do wild savages live on?" Aylmer wondered.

"Oh, hunting and fishing. We could fish plenty," said Mac. "In the lake over there, that we saw the time Lizzie came screeching after us to say we'd be drowned in the bog-holes. And I've three matches in my pocket, that strike on anything, to cook them with."

"And there's a beautiful old fishing-rod in a corner in the back hall. It only wants a bit of string, and that," said Aylmer, "I can get off a parcel of oatmeal I saw in the pantry."

"Then we'll get it now," said Mac, "for Mrs. Connell's feeding the hens, and Lizzie's always making herself another cup of tea in the kitchen, until she has to go up and do the rooms. Nobody won't see us."

Nobody did see them as they secured the fishing-rod and stole out into the shrubberies—nobody but old Moriarty, who was raking at the end of the laurel-walk, and they did not mind passing him, because they knew him to be black out with Mrs. Connell and Lizzie, so that he certainly would not mention it.

"When we're savages," Mac said, as they walked along, "we mustn't ever speak to anybody, but only make signs."

"What's signs?" said Aylmer. "I don't know how to make them. And I'd rather fish."

"It's as easy as anything. You just

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wave your hands about a little, and crook your fingers, and waggle your head," Mac said, doing so to show how, "and those is signs."

"But what do savages make them for?" said Aylmer.

"Why, of course," said Mac, "so that people mayn't understand what they mean. Savages is uncommonly cunning."

"Oh, I see," Aylmer said. But when they had gone a few steps further he added: "If *I* wanted people not to know what I meaned, I just wouldn't say anything at all." Aylmer, who was fat, and rather lazy, often considered about ways of saving trouble.

It was not far to the lough, along a path smooth under thick evergreens, and rougher presently under hazel and hawthorn bushes, and then soft and springy where it crossed the corner of a bog. However, Mac and Aylmer luckily did not stray into any of the treacherous places where black-looking holes lurked among mossy patches sprinkled with dim white blossoms. They followed the faint track until it brought them to the brow of a grassy slope leading down to the lough. One end of the long, narrow lake curved round there and met a wide band of greensward. Rainy weather had filled it fuller than usual, so that the clear water came brimming up over the gravelly rim, which generally bounded it with a sharp gleam, and it lay amongst the fine, short grass-blades in silvery-edged streaks, as if it had been spilt on a carpet. If you looked down into it, you could see drowned daisies and speedwell at the bottom, strangely mixed with the drifting blue and snow of the sky. A lane, overhung by steep woods, skirted the opposite shore, but nothing was moving on it. The little boys thought they had come to a delightful place, especially when Mac remembered that savages never wore shoes and stockings, and they put theirs on the flat top of a boulder. It was very luxurious wading, with the soft grass underfoot, and the sun-warmed ripples lapping about their ankles, and nobody to be shocked no matter how much they splashed each other. They had made their way along by the margin nearly round to the lane, before either of them had had enough of the amusement. Then Aylmer, who was carrying the fishing-rod, stepped on a pebble, which hurt his foot slightly, and made him think that it would be pleasant to stop for a while. So he said: "Do you see how it's all ruffled up in there between those two sticking-out rocks? It must be crammed *full* of troutses. I'll begin fishing now."

"That's only the wind in the water," said Mac. "Fishes make round circles, and hop up out of the middle of them like big, shiny frogs. I don't believe there's any in that place. But you may have the first turn of fishing at them."

Aylmer sat down on a gray boulder, which looked as if it had been badly cracked long ago and stuck together with strips of the greenest velvet; and he began to fish steadily. His hook was a tin tack, and his fly a buttercup. "They might think it was a yellow, very fat wasp," he said. Mac was for a while quite content to go on with his wading. He went in deliciously deep, and once, falling down, partly by accident, got thoroughly wet, which was most enjoyable. And he hopped on one leg to and fro between several islanded tufts of bracken and clumps of furze. But when both his ankles began to ache, he thought he would like a change, and, standing beside Aylmer, he said, affably: "Now you're tired holding it. I'll take it for a bit, and you can be playing about."

Aylmer, however, only wagged his head slowly, and waved one of his hands in the air.

"You great gaby," said Mac, "we're not going to be savages except to other people. And you know you were talking like anything just this minute."

Aylmer nodded three times, and kept a firm hold on the fishing-rod.

"Look here," said Mac, "you might be finding sticks to light the fire with, when we want to cook them."

Still Aylmer said nothing, but flourished his hand in a way which evidently meant, "Find them yourself." He looked comfortable and aggravating, and as if he did not intend to stir. So Mac said: "Give it to me, will you? and get out of that!" and made a clutch at the rod.

"You beast!" said Aylmer. "I'd just got the feel of a beautiful bite, and you've went and shook it off!"

"I wouldn't mind if I had shook off your stupid head," Mac said. Whereupon they scuffled so violently that Aylmer's

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hat, which was a large straw one, fell into the water, and began to float quickly away. This accident dismayed them so much that they stood still immediately; for to a small boy the loss of his head-covering seems as serious as the destruction of a roof. Aylmer lay face downwards on the flat boulder, and made a grasp at the hat as it went bobbing by, but all he did was to soak one of his jacket-sleeves right up to the shoulder. "There now!" he said, turning up a countenance full of wrath; "it's swum away to drown itself, and here am I in the blazing sun, enough to kill me."

"I don't believe savages ever do wear hats, now that I think of it," Mac said, putting a bold face on the matter, "and *I* won't, anyway." He flung down his straw hat so roughly that the brim cracked nearly off the crown, and a tuft of water forget-me-not stuck up through the chink.

"And dripping wet I am, too," Aylmer went on, "getting my death, most likely."

"He'd be welcome to a loan of the ould sack," a voice said startlingly close behind them; and there stood two little girls, who had come quietly over the grass, on bare feet, though they had not been wading. One of them held in her hand a long rope with a small white goat grazing at the end of it, and the other was carrying a couple of brownish sacks and a reaping-hook. They wore short, ragged skirts, and over their heads coarse gray shawls, under the shadow of which their narrow faces looked all eyes. The biggest of them was perhaps as much as nine years old, so that to Mac and Aylmer she seemed an experienced person.

"If he had it over the head of him," she said to Mac, "he could take the little wet coateen off of him, and let it get a chance to dry in the sun. There's a very handy hole in the end of this one," she said, unrolling the empty sacks. "And there's plenty of time yet to be fillin' them wid the grass. Rosy McClonissy owns it, but she'll loan it and welcome—wouldn't you, Rosy! Say, 'Ay, bedad!'"

"Ay, bedad!" Rosy said, in a hoarse, shy whisper.

Aylmer, who found his drenched sleeve uncomfortable, and the unshaded sun dazzling, thought he would try this plan, and, taking off his jacket, wisped himself up in the sack. Mac considered the costume so appropriate that he put on the other one; and then they did both look as uncivilized as anybody could wish, with bare legs and arms and dirty faces emerging from the rough, earth-colored folds. The elder little girl, whose name was Matty Shanahan, spread out the blue and white jackets to dry on the flat-topped boulder.

"Bovver!" said Mac, feeling in his pocket, "I declare, my three matches has got quite wet, too. I suppose now all the fire's washed out of them; and how are we to cook the troutses, if we get some bites that stick on?"

"Is it a fire?" Matty said. "We do be sometimes gettin' the loan of a light off a man goin' by wid a pipe. But there's no sticks, unless you look up yonder under the trees. And I never heard tell of any troutses catchin' in it at all."

"What'll we be cookin', then?" said Aylmer, who was only half reconciled to the loss of his bite and hat, and felt disposed to make difficulties.

"Oh, potatoes," Mac said, cheerfully, though he did not really think this a very satisfactory substitute. "Do you happen to know if there are many about here?"

"Sorra a pitaty we've in it this long while back," said Matty. "Sure we had the last of them ate before Easter."

"Then why on earth don't you get some more?" said Mac.

"How at all would we," said Matty, "when the rest of them wasn't fit to throw to the hins? And ne'er a one saved for seed, for where'd be the sinse, me father was sayin', of puttin' them down, wid the whole of us starvin' fast while they would be growin' slow? So we ate them. But frettin' he is now every day, since he was took sick, sittin' on the wall, to see the bit of field lyin' empty under the weeds, as yella as gould—frettin' bad he is."

"Well, but one must be cooking something; and it's getting pretty late," Aylmer remarked, sternly.

"Sure it isn't hardly hungry-time yet, glory be to goodness!" said Matty; "and I was tellin' you me mother's had no could pitaties to be givin' us to take along wid us, and we grazin' the little goat, or else yous 'ud be welcome to a bit. When we had them, we did be warmin' them up grand wid a fire lightin' in there under the trees. Only yous had a right to not be

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burnin' your fingers grabbin' at them the way Rosy done, instead of rowlin' them out wid a stick."

"You don't explain properly: people must have enough to eat, whether there are cold potatoes or not," Mac said, politely but decidedly.

Matty stared at him hard. "You are a quare one," she said. "Has any people ever enough to eat?"

"Well, if they want to go on for ever and ever and ever, they must be great *pigs*," Mac said, with severity.

"When I've got joggolates," Aylmer said, reflectively, "I always *do* want to go on for ever and ever and all the evers that ever were."

Matty continued to look puzzled. "Now and again," she said, after a pause, "we lights a fire, and sticks a few biggish-sized lumps of round stones in it be way of pitaties roastin'. But that's only lettin' on, and most whiles we go to the wishin'-well above there in the wood for our bit of dinner."

"I didn't know there was anything except water in wells," said Aylmer.

"She said a *wishing* one, didn't you hear?" Mac said, intending to convey an entirely false impression that this made the matter quite clear to *him*.

"Saint Brigid owns it," said Matty. "Grand she is. I seen her picture below at Father Daly's, in an iligant white gown streelin' after her, and a gould sunbonnet blowin' out flat off the back of her head. And they say that if you drop a little bit of somethin' into the wather to remind her, she'll send you whatever you're wishin' for. So Rosy and I do be mostly wishin' a bit of dinner off of her."

"And what does she send you?" Mac inquired, with interest.

Aylmer murmured, hopefully, "Joggolates, maybe."

"Nothin'," Matty replied, disappointingly. "But you can never tell she mightn't take the notion to some day. Rosy and me'll be slippin' up prisently."

"We'll come along," said Mac.

"'Deed yous might better," said Matty, "than to be drowndin' of yourselves fightin' on the edge of the pool. The bits of coateens can be dryin' here till we come back. I'll tether the little goat the way she won't get swallyin' them."

The footpath to the well wound up with a cool shade of green leaves above, and below a soft paving of dead ones, crossed here and there by roots, which made irregular steps in it. Mac accounted for his tripping over them by saying that they were a different pattern from the stairs in most places. However, all the children scrambled safely up them to Saint Brigid's Well, niched in its rounded rock basin under the high, steep bank. Moss, which seemed a golden green light among the flickering shadows, muffled its brim, and from the creviced stones behind it harebells trembled and hartstongue drooped. Large, shining drops swelled at the points of the long leaves, and plashed down slowly one by one as if a string of beads were broken into the transparent water, which they kept astir with a sliding, circling ripple. The little girls crossed themselves and said some queer-sounding words, which were Latin, Matty explained to Mac; but she could not answer him satisfactorily when he wanted to know, further, what they meant—a question which might indeed have puzzled the most scholarly—whether savages spoke Latin, and whether Saint Brigid was a savage. "I don't see how I'm to order dinner that way," he said, "because I happen not to remember the Latin for anything to eat."

"Sure how could she help knowin' right enough what pitaties is," Matty said.

"And a sup of buttermilk," Rosy whispered at her elbow.

"Is that all you're goin' to order?" said Mac. "Why, that's only a little bit of a dinner—there's lots of other things."

"Joggolates," suggested a familiar husky voice beside him.

"I will *not* order chocolate," said Mac; "I know very well she'd say it wasn't wholesome enough for people's dinners."

"I'd liefer have pitaties than stirabout," said Matty. "The yella male's a quare, ugly brash, and there doesn't be more than a little dab of it for everybody when it's boiled. Me mother mostly has only the pot-scrapin's, but she says it's plenty. Pitaties is the best."

"Roast chicken," said Mac, "and mashed potatoes, and cold apple pie, and custard, might do. What shall I drop in?"

"Thim little thimbles off of the fir-trees is handy, if you haven't e'er a pin or a button," Matty said; and several small cones were found without difficulty.

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Aylmer dropped one in unobserved, and as he did so murmured, "Joggolates."

For nearly an hour after the children had gone into the wood, nobody came next or nigh the lough. Then over the brow of the steep grass-slope, and down the same path that Mac and Aylmer had taken, came a figure all in soft white, just tinged with a delicate lilac, as are some crocus-cups. Softly white, too, and plumed with faintly tinted feathers, was the large hat which shaded her golden-brown hair. So that she made a very high light in the strong sunshine as she passed through it. She was carrying a small hamper. Anybody who had met her might have noticed that the lowest flounce of her pretty gown was a little bedraggled along its lacy edge, and that her pretty face looked a little unhappy and anxious. The facts were that she had driven over from Glenamber to bring a share of some wedding festivities to the exiles at Sheenagh House, where, arriving, she had found it deserted, for its master was out, and the servants had slipped down to McQueen's place at the cross-roads in hopes of a glimpse when the bridal carriage drove by honeymoonwards. Only old Moriarty was by this time scraping in front of the house, and told her how he had seen the young gentlemen a while ago in the shrubbery yonder, on their way to the lough he'd be bound, as they were carrying the master's old fishing-rod. "And you'll be apt to meet them comin' back by now, Miss," he added, "unless they're after drowndin' themselves somewheres—that's noways too unlikely."

"Is it far?" she asked.

"Sure, not at all," he said. "You might sling an ould cabbage-stump into it from the end of the bit of a grove." And on the strength of this she had started. But she was not used to bogs, and consequently had the imprudence to step on a jewel-green mossy patch, with results harmful to her dainty bridesmaid's attire and little silver-buckled shoes. This accident caused her some vexation, but she forgot all about it when she reached the lough. For, as she ran down the green slope, the first thing she noticed was a straw hat floating on the water, and a few steps further brought her where she saw two pairs of long stockings and two pairs of small boots lying on the top of a flat stone. No living creature was in sight, except a white goat steadily browsing; and the thought flashed into her mind that the wearers of these things must have been the little boys she had come to look for—a thought which made old Moriarty's conjecture seem dreadfully probable. In a great fright she ran along the water's edge calling, "Mac—Aylmer," and soon she was still more alarmed by a gleam of something blue and white a little way from the shore. It was Aylmer's jacket, which Matty had so carefully spread to dry, and which a breeze had whisked regardlessly into the water. But to Amy Barry it seemed likely to be something so terrible that she was afraid to look at it, and, dropping her hamper on the grass, she fled panic-stricken down the lane in search of help.

Very soon after she had gone, the four children descended the shadowy path between the tree-trunks, and stepped out again upon the sunny green margin—four as wild small figures in their ragged wrappings as you could have met in the width of Connaught. The little boys had wanted to linger up at the well, imagining their wishes more likely to be fulfilled upon the spot; but Matty, speaking with the authority of a much longer experience, assured them that Saint Brigid "was just as apt to lave them their dinners down below," and at last persuaded them to come and see. She was anxious to reclaim her sacks and resume her grass-cutting. And, "I declare to goodness," Mac exclaimed, as they emerged from the wood, "she's left it—in a basket. There it is, near the big stones. Come along and look what's in it."

"Musha good gracious, and there it is sittin' wid itself sure enough," Matty said. "Where's it come from at all—unless it's from Herself? A grand new little hamper."

"If there's *all* our dinners in it," Aylmer remarked, discontentedly, when they had raced up to the hamper, "it doesn't look very big. The plates 'll take up nearly all the room."

"Of course she knew perfectly well that savages don't want plates," said Mac, who was fumbling with the fastening. "Which way do you pull the little peggy thing—do you know, Matty?"

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"Suppose somebody owns it?" Matty said, hanging back. "And suppose the polis was comin' along the road there, and we meddlin' wid it?" Matty's eyes were enlarged and darkened by the horror of the imagined catastrophe.

"Savages and saints isn't any affair of the polis *at all*," Mac said, prescribing the constabulary their duties without hesitation, and throwing back the hamper-lid with a creaky jerk. "Whoof! Is it nothing but old flowers?"

On the top, indeed, lay some sprays of white frosted blossoms, tied with wonderful silvery satiny knots and bows. Mac flung them down on the grass disdainfully, but Matty and Rosy eyed them as reverentially as if they were feathers from an angel's wing. Under them was a paper bag full of small, sugary biscuits of all shapes and hues; and these the boys regarded with more respect. Then there came thick slices of dark plum-cake, iced and almonded, and a number of softly flushed peaches, and a heavy bunch of bloomy, purple grapes. Next an oval box of glistening crystallized fruits. And, lastly, a round box of bonbons. "Joggolates!" Aylmer said triumphantly on seeing this, "and it was me ordered them. But you can have ones apiece."

When all these things were spread out on the grass, Mac said: "Let's have the biscuits first. You needn't grab them with your two hands at once, Aylmer, like a wolf"—Aylmer said something indistinctly about savages. "Come along, Matty and Rosy."

But Matty turned away, drawing her old shawl closer about a disappointed face. "They're not our dinners, for sartin," she said. "Ne'er a pitaty is there at the bottom—ne'er a one. But belike she might send them another day, Rosy, when there's nobody in it only you and me. Themselves is some manner of Quality, so she wouldn't be mindin' the likes of us. It's time we got the grass cut, Rosy. Say, No, thankee." Rosy, however, on the contrary, said "Plase," and accepted a handful of miniature stars and crowns and crescents, pink and white and yellow, at which she looked for a minute half doubtfully. It seemed like eating up things that were almost too pretty to touch. But after she had tasted the first grudging crumb, the rest very rapidly vanished. Matty also was tempted irresistibly by a rose-and-apricot-colored cockle-shell, which Mac would make her take. It held cream flavored with something delectable; yet before it was finished she stopped as if she had remembered a trouble, and suddenly looked ready to cry. She was thinking of some people in a dark house-room not very far off, and this made her glance in the direction of the road leading to it. And her glance grew into a stare, for just then round the corner ran a figure whose white robes swept after her over the grass—one flounce was torn and trailing—as softly as foam, and whose bright head had a covering not in the least like any of the caps and hoods Matty was used to see. The feathery brim had got pushed far back in her haste, showing a fluff of golden hair and a flower-tinted face. "Bedad, then it *was* Herself brought them their dinner," Matty said in an awe-stricken tone, while Rosy edged up to her, grasping a handful of her shawl, as if for protection, and both little girls began to retreat.

It was really the bringer of the hamper, who, having met with young Lambert May on his bicycle, and sent him speeding to fetch assistance, had now been drawn back by the fascination of fear to the loughshore. The sight of the four ragged children there gave her a hope and dread of news, as she hurried up to the little girls with eager questions.

"Be curtsiyin', Rosy, be curtsiyin'," Matty meanwhile was exhorting. "Saints is a great sort of Quality."

"Do you know anything, please, about the hat floating there in the water?" said the stranger.

"Ay, Miss Saint Brigid," Matty said, curtseying extraordinarily low; "it fell off the little boy's head, and he fightin' wid the other. There's the two of them now," and she pointed to Mac and Aylmer squatting by the hamper in their sacks.

"Oh," the stranger said, looking much relieved. "And did you happen to see two other boys in blue-and-white sailor-suits anywhere about?"

"Ay did I," said Matty.

"And where did they go to?"

"There's the two of them now at their dinners," Matty said, pointing again at the figures by the hamper.

"Those poor children—are you quite

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sure? Why, they seem to have hardly any clothes."

"Sure the little coat of one of them's there in the water too," said Matty. "It's about drowndin' himself dead he was raichin' after the hat, so I got him out of it, and we loaned him th' ould sack while it would be dryin'; but it's fell in again." Matty had no wish to deceive; but her language was ambiguous, and it conveyed to her hearer the impression that she had rescued the child from a watery grave. She was astonished when this beautiful young lady, "And herself a Saint," said, "Then you are a *very* good little girl, and I am very much obliged to you indeed." It seemed to her that since she was in such favor she might perhaps venture to put in a word about the potatoes so often bespoken in vain. But just as she was beginning, "If you please, Miss Saint Brigid, ma'am," Saint Brigid ran on to speak to the little boys.

Mac, when he saw her approaching, kicked Aylmer and said: "It's just a girl all dressed up; we needn't mind about being savages to her." But Aylmer had too many chocolate-drops in his mouth to have room for any words.

"So you found the hamper, I see," the girl said, which seemed to Mac such an obvious remark that he ignored it, and replied: "You're quite welcome to some of these biscuits. I think the white ones are the best."

"I thought you'd like them," she said. "I hope the grapes aren't crushed. I brought the biggest bunch I could find."

"Did Saint Brigid send you?" said Mac.

"Saint Brigid? Oh no—what do you mean?"

"If she didn't, I don't see how you could be thinking anything about it," said Mac. "I ordered our dinners up there at her well, because we hadn't caught anything yet except bites, and we can't go back to the house until it's ever so late in the evening. And I ordered chicken and mashed potatoes, but I s'pose she forgot it, and I wish she hadn't, for I'm pretty hungry, and we *have* to be staying here."

"Why?" said the girl, looking much surprised.

"Because of a nasty aunt that's coming this afternoon," said Mac. "So we went away to live wild like savages till she's gone. But I dare say the old pest will stay *bovvering* there till it's quite dark. People you don't want are always everywhere."

"And taking one to school, and asking one the dates of the kings and queens and things," came in a grumbling mumble, for Aylmer's mouth was still full. "I wish they'd all died the same time, and I wish plaguy old aunts would go and see somebody else."

"Well, I'm sorry you both think so badly of aunts," said the girl. "For I believe I am your Aunt Amy—but I don't know *any* dates myself."

"Nor seven times twice times?" said Aylmer.

"Not without adding up," she said.

"*She's* nobody's aunt," Aylmer said to Mac, in a very loud whisper, "you needn't believe it. She might be Saint Brigid, for they said she had white clothes; but she's no more like an aunt than I am."

"Well, you needn't bellow at the top of your voice—she'll hear you," Mac said, giving him an indignant shove, which Aylmer returned. Their aunt did hear and see, and, to change the subject, said: "I hope you offered those little girls something."

"They're wanting potatoes," said Mac. "Because they and their mother haven't had anything this long while except potscrapings of *yella male*—that's what she called it—and it can't be very nice. But they wouldn't take our things—only a few biscuits."

"And they do look half starved, poor children!" said she. "But, by the way, which of you was it who got so nearly drowned? That was dreadful, and you ought really to come home and change your things."

"We wasn't either of ourselves nearly drowned, only our hats," said Mac. "People shouldn't exaggelate about nothing at all."

"Oh, they've been telling tales, have they?" Aylmer said, frowning in puckers all over his dirty round face. "Then they may do without any of my joggolates that I ordered myself. *Now* I won't keep a single one for them."

"Pig!" said Mac.

The girl in white gathered up some slices of plum-cake, and ran off with them after Matty and Rosy, who had gone to untether the goat. She had scarcely

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reached them when she heard shrill voices arising behind her, and she looked round thinking that the menaced hostilities had broken out. But she saw that two tall, black-looking policemen had arrived, and that one of them was talking to the little ragged boys. Mac seemed to be answering him with fluent defiance; but Aylmer suddenly jumped up, and, fleeing towards her, still clutching his box of chocolate, grasped her skirts with a hand which left its mark, and began to roar. The policeman, following him, said: "Beg pardon, Miss, but did you know them children was making free with your hamper of sweets?"

"They're my nephews," she said, and Aylmer made no attempt to repudiate the connection. So the policeman withdrew, apologetic and rather scandalized. "That was a quare start," he said to his comrade as they walked away. "A one of them was eatin' that rapacious I thought he was starvin', and I come as near as anythin' takin' him in charge. They hadn't the look of belongin' to anybody respectable."

The constables were hardly out of sight when there appeared on the scene Lambert May, bringing with him the Doctor, and several men with ropes and poles, and Father Daly, and quite a crowd of children and women, some of whom had already begun to say that the poor little crathurs' mother was to be pitied that night, when she heard what had happened them. But their Aunt Amy really was to be pitied, in a less tragical degree, when she had to explain that nothing had happened to them at all. For she felt ashamed of the commotion roused by her false alarm, and did not like to think how foolish she must appear to Lambert May. Altogether it did seem hard that she should have given up a garden party, and spoiled her new gown, only to frighten and make herself ridiculous, and to be disowned with contempt by her relations. Moreover, her very disreputable-looking nephews proceeded to behave so badly that she felt quite abashed, and they talked so strangely about savages and Saint Brigid that she almost thought they must be demented. Mac especially, being hungry and fractious, stamped furiously in a puddle when requested to put on his boots and stockings, and declared that he wasn't going to be ordered about by people who came bothering and pretending they were everybody's aunts. His good humor was not restored until he had been invited thoroughly to inspect Lambert May's highly polished roadster, and even to sit on the saddle and see how entirely out of reach the pedals were. By the time that she had helped him to lace his boots, it is true, he had begun to take a more tolerant view of his aunt's character. Yet when he said good-by to her at the gate, he gave her a bit of presumably mortifying intelligence.

"The man with the bicycle thinks you are very horrid," he said.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Because," said Mac, "when he was showing it to me, I asked him if he thought you were *his* aunt, and he said: 'Oh, no, indeed, she's not my aunt, *thank goodness!*' But next time I see him I'll tell him you aren't as nasty as most aunts, unless," Mac continued, interrogatively, "you maybe aren't one at all, and only letting on, the same way that we were about the savages?"

There was one person, however, to whom the afternoon seemed ending in a sudden blaze of joy. Matty Shanahan just about that time was rushing homewards through shade and shine at the top of her speed. Such a pace did she attain that Rosy McClonissy, following with the little goat in tow, and daring not be left behind, tugged and panted, and called injunctions to stop, and to come on. Matty never heeded. For she was on her way to give her mother the wonderful golden sixpenny bit that the lovely young lady—some sort of Quality or Saint—had run after her to put into her hand.

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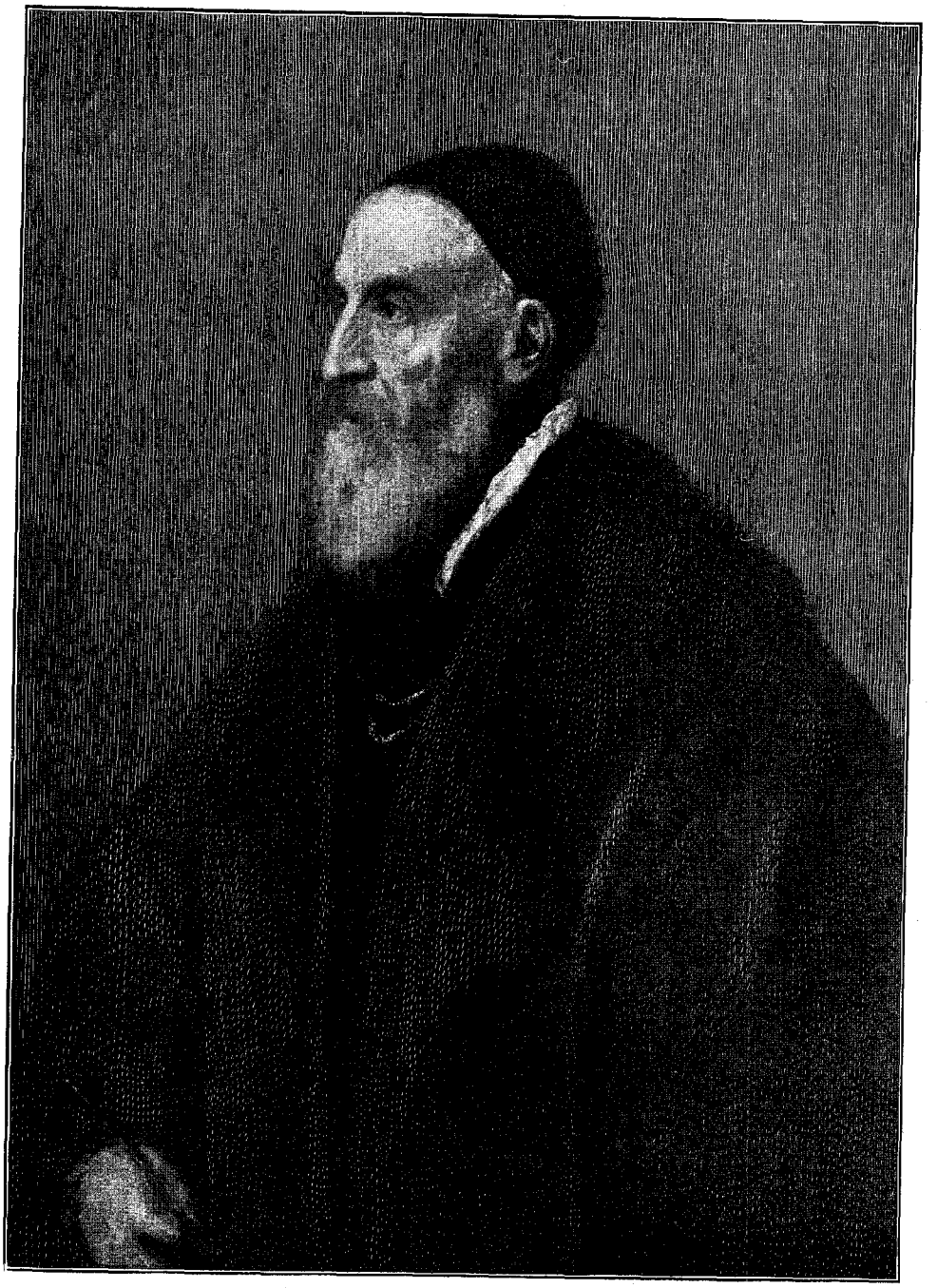

TITIAN
From the portrait by himself.

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Before Titian's Portrait of Himself at Ninety

(In the Gallery of the Prado at Madrid)

By Minna Caroline Smith

O gentle fiery soul, what can thy fame
Receive of homage that has not been brought?
Master of masters! may the secret caught
By thee from whispering Death forever shame
The faltering toiler, may its power be flame
To wither doubt and fear that set at naught
Divinest summons! May thy portrait wrought
By thee in age inspire renewed high aim!
Lo! by thine art triumphant martyrs kneel,
Or saints and kings the Holy Child adore;
On yonder wall the Emperor Carlos rides,
Yet here thy soul more dauntlessly abides.
Thy powers in waning mightily reveal
Beauty and nobleness unguessed before!

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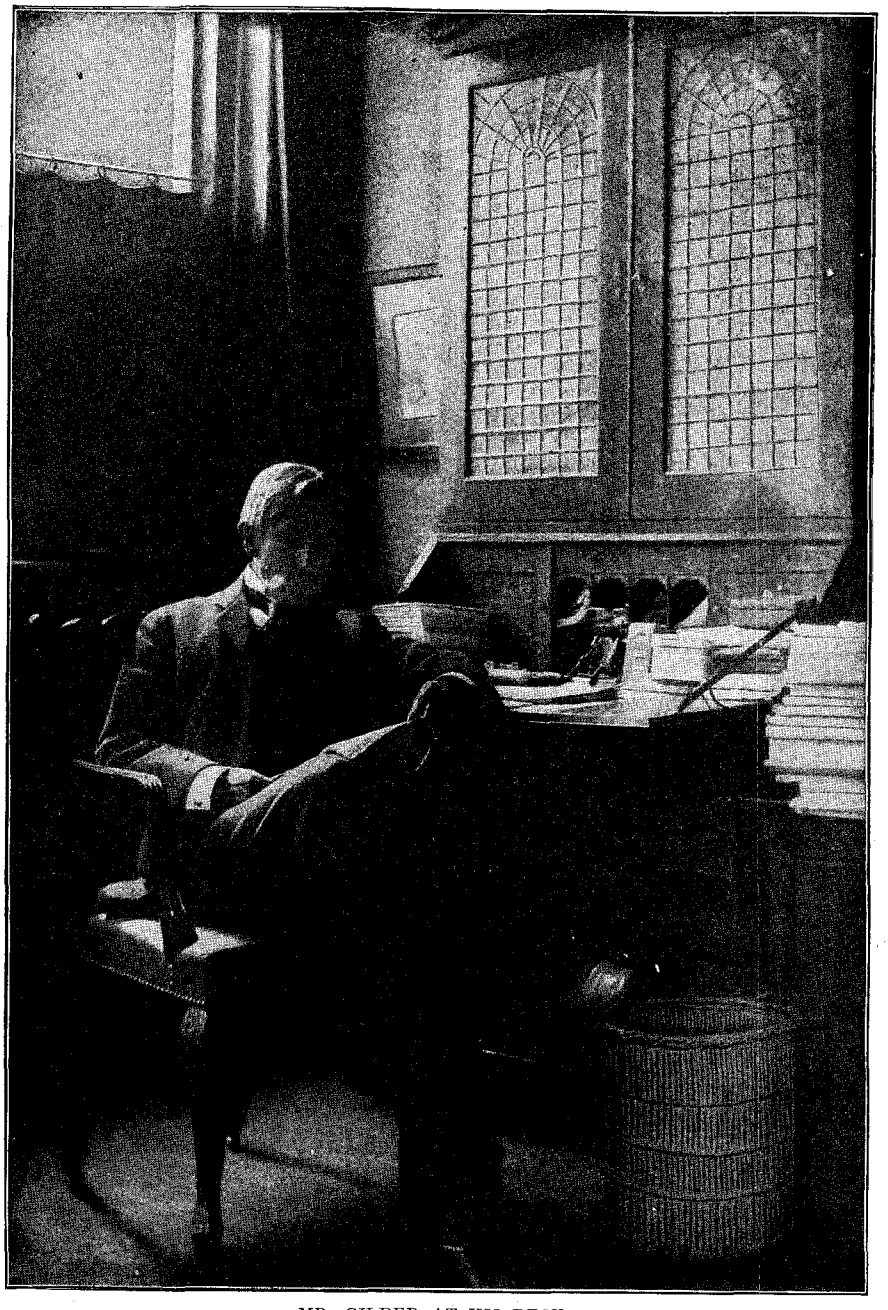

MR. GILDER AT HIS DESK
From a photograph taken for The Outlook by Clifton Johnson.

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The Newspaper, the Magazine, and the Public

By Richard Watson Gilder

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

FOR seventeen years Mr. Gilder has been editor-in-chief of "The Century," a magazine that has always stood for what is best in American life, literature, and art. With his long experience and his high personal standards as an editor, it seemed to me that whatever Mr. Gilder might say on the relations of the press to its multitudinous readers would have unusual interest and weight. I wanted to discuss periodical literature in its power for good and evil. It would hardly be rash to affirm that the dailies, weeklies, and monthlies of our country wield a wider influence than the pulpit, and perhaps even than the schools; for the press is a school we all attend every day in the week from the time we learn to read to the end of our lives. What, then, are its faults and virtues, and what the responsibilities of editors and of readers in making it better?

This was the line of inquiry pursued in the talk I had with Mr. Gilder when I spent an evening with him recently at his New York home. I do not know that I had ever realized before that he had a home, it seems so natural to think of him in his more public capacity of editor—a man who, in the mystery of the "Century" quarters on Union Square, presides over the destinies of manuscripts. He lives not far distant from the offices of the magazine, on one of the side streets that open away from the busier thoroughfares, and that, by contrast, have a certain sense of seclusion. The outer aspect of a city residence is usually noncommittal, and reflects the character of the owner but slightly; and Mr. Gilder's old-fashioned brick front is much like all the others on the street. Its one point of distinction is an enormous wistaria that climbs in several strands up the front to the very top of the building, and its luxuriant greenery gives the dwelling a touch of rural retirement that is very pleasant.

While we talked we sat in an upstairs room whose walls were lined with books and pictures. The evening was warm, and the windows were open. A light wind wafted in through the shutters, and the sound of footsteps and of the infrequent passing of vehicles came up to us from the street below. In what follows I report as nearly as I can Mr. Gilder's own words. He said:

"I suppose in no country are newspapers so much an integral part of the people's life and thought as here in America. We are, as Mr. Bryce says, the great reading people of the world. You see the contrast if you go to southern Europe, for instance. There, illiteracy is common, and the people depend to a great extent on talk and local gossip for their daily enlightenment. I think we have a greater eagerness than they to know what is going on in the world; and this eagerness is coming to be as characteristic of the women as of the men. Women have the reputation of caring only for the gossip and lighter news of the papers, and the bargain advertisements; but there is a large and growing class of women to whom social movements, civic matters, and all public affairs have a very great interest.

"All our city people read at least a morning and an evening paper, and very many read more. In times of excitement there's no measuring a person's capacity for absorbing newspapers. During the war you'd see men go along the streets gathering newspapers as they would currants off a bush. A man would buy several to start with and walk along reading them, and every few blocks he'd buy a new edition just out with the latest.

"There has been a great change in journalism since I began to earn my living in Newark as a reporter on a daily paper. I did police reports and all that sort of thing, and gradually worked up to be managing editor, and, on another paper, part owner, so that I knew the journalism of those days pretty thoroughly. There has

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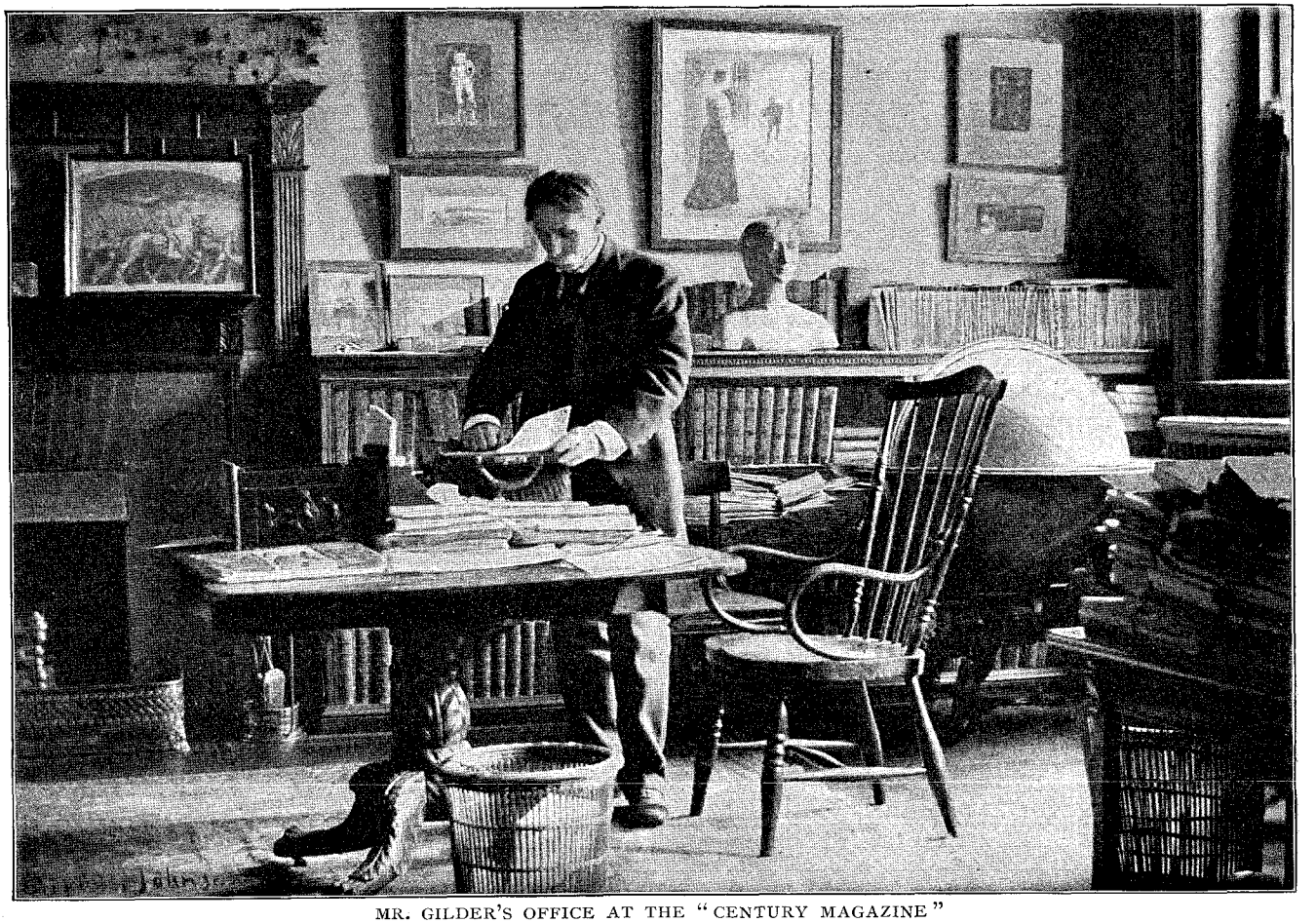

MR. GILDER'S OFFICE AT THE "CENTURY MAGAZINE"
From a photograph taken for The Outlook by Clifton Johnson.

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been a vast transformation, not only in the introduction of pictures in the daily press, but in the way the papers are managed all through, and in the immensely increased cost of the management. Nor are readers what they were. Then, men and women were common who swore by one paper, and they'd no more think of taking some other paper of a different stripe of politics than they would of drinking milk on lobster. Now a man takes this or that paper because it happens to be convenient or cheap; and maybe because there is no one paper he thoroughly trusts to do his thinking, as used to be the case. That a paper supports a political faith opposed to his own doesn't count with the modern reader. Where a man takes more than one paper he is apt to buy those of different politics purposely in order the better to get the drift of things, or simply to enjoy the thrust and parry.

"The editorial opinion on political movements as expressed in the papers doesn't have the weight with readers it once did. Journalism's greatest power to-day lies in the dissemination of fact rather than in the advocacy of policy. I don't mean to imply that the editorial page has not great influence, but only that this influence seems to be less marked than formerly. We go to the newspapers because they give facts or alleged facts, and an alert modern newspaper does not let its politics greatly injure its news. It gives both sides, and, indeed, prides itself on the impartiality of its reports. You can thus draw your own conclusions independent of editorial opinion if you choose.

"To men in office the attitude of the press is now and always has been a matter of considerable concern; not that they care very much what any particular editor thinks, but because of the controlling relation that public opinion is understood to exert over the public press. The papers reflect with more or less accuracy the way the people are thinking, and for this reason most of the politicians and officials in general watch them very closely. Some public men keep scrap-books of newspaper clippings. But, whether they preserve a record or not, the trend of popular opinion is a matter of keenest interest to all of them.

"There are statesmen, however, who seem to get more in touch with the people through their private correspondence than in any other way. Letters have weight with a... our officials, from the humblest to the highest. Even if you write to the President of the United States, your letter has attention. He may never see it, but some one reads it and it is at least counted. It is the same with letters sent to Congressmen. Either personally or through his secretary a Congressman knows the contents of all the letters he receives. If the secretary says, 'Here are two letters giving you particular fits,' the Congressman wants to know whom they are from and where they are from.

"He thinks that, while he has heard from only two men, as many thousands may hold the same opinions, but haven't taken the trouble to write; and such letters have a decided influence on his course. In the same way, editors and publishers are a good deal concerned about the letters written them by their readers. A newspaper both creates public opinion and is largely regulated by it. The papers, of course, want to be popular—want to sell; and there's nothing a publisher is more sensitive to than the criticisms of readers. If the day's mail brings three fault-finding letters, it makes the publisher nervous. It's not just those three writers that he cares about, but he is fearful that they represent the opinions of a small army of readers.

"The enormous appetite the public has for periodical literature seems astonishing, but it is perfectly natural. One of the strongest traits in the human mind is curiosity. We wake up in the morning and we are curious to know what has happened the day before. The newspaper habit is the result of our attitude of inquiry toward all mankind; it is just the same as is expressed in the words with which we greet a friend—'How do you do?' 'How goes it?' 'How are all the folks?' 'What's the news down your way?' Buying a newspaper is our method of taking the world by the hand and saying, 'How goes it?' That greeting is extended through the newspaper to our neighbors, to our home country, and to all nations; we say, 'How do you do?' to President McKinley and to Queen Victoria and to all the other powers and personages. If anything has happened to them, the paper informs us about it. If we don't find

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Queen Victoria and this or that one actually mentioned, we know just as well that they are all right.

"Curiosity accounts in large measure for our love of literature, for our love of news, for our love of life. A great many extraordinary careers, both of men and women, have their springs in curiosity. They want to see life and experience life in all its phases. You know how the Rough Riders came to New York on their return from Cuba. To begin with, they were gathered into a godly refuge on the East Side; and no doubt they were decorous enough while there, but it was far from satisfying their curiosity as to metropolitan life. They were no sooner let loose than they said, 'Now, boys, let's see the town!' and they saw it.

"Yes, curiosity is a great power; and one of its gratifications is the daily press, and another is the weekly press, and still another is the monthly magazine. But people draw the line at quarterlies in this country. Curiosity gets to be too attenuated to span a three months' interval.

"Art in the daily papers has been greatly improved since it was first introduced. The caricatures are often excellent. So, too, are many of the drawings from photographs. Really, art in the newspapers is frequently better than it is in some of the magazines—that is, such magazines as confine their illustrations to ordinary photographs which they preserve with all their defects by a cheap reproductive process. I think there is to be a great reaction soon in public taste—that people will tire of photographic reproduction, and that those magazines will find most favor which lead in original art. The tendency will be to raise up real illustrators, of whom there is a lack in America now. We have many bright young men drawing magazine pictures, but the results are too often like easel pictures and without illustrative vitality. It seems, almost, as if the artists knew too much, as if they were too highly trained academically, or else it is that they are unable to forget that training. They think of the effects of light and shade, and forget character and expression. What did Cruikshank and Du Maurier think about while they were drawing? Surely, not simply of light and shade and the effects studied in ateliers.

"In criticising the prevalence of the photograph in our periodicals I would not say that its influence on art has been wholly bad. It has had a corrective effect in a certain way, and has made illustrators truer to fact; but at the same time it has made them more prosaic. However, a change is coming. The illustrator of the future is not going merely to pose a young man and a young woman gracefully in a 'north light' and call it a proposal scene. The demand will be for artists who can forget the academic requirements and give us two lovers who are alive in their relation to each other. The 'misfit' joke picture cannot stay in competition with real illustration.

"The aspect in which the daily press has changed most within my recollection is in its development of sensationalism. This sensational wave, which started in its most violent form in the West, has now swept across the country from ocean to ocean. But the new journalism is not without its good points. Along with all the sensationalism, the lack of responsibility, the getting together of fake news and the contriving of evident pictorial falsehoods, a great deal of talent goes into the make-up of the papers. The editorial pages, especially, contain a remarkable amount of expert and expressive writing. I think a most deplorable thing about the present conditions of journalism is that young men fresh from college, who go to work on these sensational papers attracted by the high pay, suffer degeneration in character under pressure to produce what is demanded by cynical employers. They are soon doing things that before this they would believe themselves incapable of.

"Yet, with all its faults, the press, even the sensational press, has certain generous qualities that make it ready to facilitate any disinterested work taken up by public-spirited members of the community. The greatest service the press does for civilization is in the searchlight it throws on the dark places. Before there were any health laws in this city there was a tenement-house owned by a prominent member of a popular church, from which came a large number of typhus patients. Many of them died. Appeals to the tenement-house owner were unavailing, and the only way found to compel this man to stop murdering people, clean his house,

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and put it in shape to live in was the threat of publicity. He resisted all argument until Mr. Bryant threatened to publish his name and the condition of his house in the 'Evening Post.' That humbled the man at once, and he said, 'I'll do anything you want if you'll keep the matter quiet.' I confess I am a little disappointed with the present searchlight service of the newspapers in connection with our present city government. But if some opportunities are being lost, it will not be for long.

"One of the best tests you can find of the moral caliber of a periodical is in the character of its advertising. By the sense of responsibility shown in the advertisements admitted you may not be able to discern the religious denomination, but you can gauge correctly the moral grade of the proprietorship.

"That the public mind is vulgarized by the swash served in the sensational papers is certain, and it is to be hoped that there will soon be a reaction. Just what degree of excellence in journalism the public are prepared for is a question. It is perhaps not to be expected that people without culture will show fine taste and discrimination, but at the same time we know very well that some of the best literature has the widest circulation. One would think this evidence that there is opportunity for the best in newspapers. The discouraging thing is that so many members of the more intelligent portion of the community will buy the very papers abuse and despise, and will read them they whether they believe what they read or not. They get to craving news, and lots of it, and unconsciously look for something put out with a bang. There is so much criticism that one would think there would be more selection, but people have the notion that a one-cent crime is no sin.

"Readers ought to realize that they themselves are largely responsible for the sensationalism of the daily papers. They can't put all the blame on the speculative proprietors with their rotary presses and cheap processes. If readers are self-indulgent and willing to gratify curiosity by patronizing and helping support a trashy publication, the moral responsibility rests on them as well as on the owners. Publishers will furnish better papers if readers refuse to buy poor ones. We need not carry the sense of responsibility to the point of morbidness, but we should feel it and act accordingly.

"All this applies to magazines as forcibly as to newspapers. The sphere of the magazine and the sphere of the newspaper overlap, but it is all journalism. The difference is mainly that the magazine, as a rule, gives literature and art prepared with more deliberation and with greater authority. As for sensationalism, you find it in monthlies as well as in dailies, though so far the magazines have shown more restraint than the newspapers. Yet that there are differences in ethical and literary and artistic standards in magazines, as in all other classes of periodicals, is very apparent. The public has a duty of selection here, of course, as well as with the daily press.

"There is one thing that one does not hear so much about now as formerly—namely, the suppression of genius. There are so many periodicals that it would be difficult for any one of them to suppress any given 'new genius.' He or she is not only sure of getting a hearing, but of getting a printing. The editor, therefore, is no longer the terrible being who decides fates. This is well, for I suspect he never quite deserved his fame as a distributor of literary destinies."

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WASHINGTON IRVING

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A Festal Day in Rome

By Washington Irving

THE narrative contained in these extracts from the diary of Washington Irving has not heretofore been published. In 1804 Washington Irving was twenty-one years old; New York was a provincial city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, Jefferson was President of the United States, and packets made the trip to Europe in five or six weeks! The youth who was to begin the literary expression of American life by the publication of the first book of genuine literary quality had not taken kindly to the fixed hours and recurring tasks of school life, and had said good-by to formal instruction at the premature age of sixteen, having refused to follow his brothers' example and take the course at Columbia College; he had been keeping up a semblance of law study in the office of Ogden Hoffman, but his real occupation was desultory reading and dreaming in quiet places or on the piers. He was modest and

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unobtrusive, but he had marked social qualities, a charming humor, and he was very popular in the little metropolis. He had the literary temperament, but he was not, for a number of years, to become conscious of his gifts and his future work.

In 1804 Irving's health showed alarming signs of failure, and when he sailed for Bordeaux in May the captain of the vessel, as he saw the fragile young man helped up the gangway, is reported to have said, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." On the 25th of June the vessel was at the mouth of the Gironde, and Irving wrote to his brother that he was already much stronger. It was in the good old days of dirty inns and leisurely diligences; the different countries had lost little of their individuality of dress, habit, and manners. Irving had immense relish of life, a sharp eye, and a contagious humor. "I am a young man and in Paris," he wrote to a friend who complained of the infrequency of his letters. He had the gift of loitering, and he slowly approached Rome through many French and Italian cities, reaching the capital late in March, 1805. On his arrival in Bordeaux he had begun to keep a journal, in which he made, in pencil, a record of his travels and experiences; and, later, he expanded and elaborated many of these memoranda into charming bits of descriptive or character sketches. He remained in Rome until after Holy Week, and it was during this time that he saw the ceremony described in the following passages from his diary, now published for the first time. The MS. volume from which this extract is made is somewhat discolored, but it is entirely legible, in Irving's familiar handwriting. In some cases, as in that of the passage which The Outlook has the pleasure of giving its readers, the account is complete; in other cases the notes are disconnected and were evidently jotted down for future use. Irving was unconsciously falling into the writer's habit. This description of a curious and interesting ceremonial has intrinsic interest, and it is significant of the quality and growth of one of the most charming of modern writers—the man who was to remove from America the reproach which Sydney Smith had just brought against it; for with the "History of New York" this country began to have a literature.—The Editors.

SUNDAY, May 24.—We have arrived at the moment when this city is all in a bustle in celebrating the great fête. On this day five new saints were beatified. This is a ceremony which, I am told, has not occurred in forty years; the expenses attending it being very great. No saint-elect is admitted to the honor until he is able to pay his shot. The particular votaries of each candidate for the aureola are therefore under the necessity of saying masses and collecting contributions on his account, throughout the pale of the Catholic Church, till they can accumulate a sufficient sum to defray his share of the attendant expenses. Of the five saints this day added to the calendar, three are females and two males; of the latter, one is a negro. His sable saintship labored in the Catholic vineyard under the burning rays of a South American sun. But it is, I believe, above a century since he departed this sublunary planet. So long is the interval during which he has been compelled to wait the slow accumulation of his funds.

The ceremonies attendant on the beatification were performed in the great Cathedral of St. Peter; but one of the most singular and attractive parts of the process is now concealed from the eyes and ears of the vulgar, and transacted in private. I allude to that ordeal in which the claim of the candidate is tested. When an attorney appears as proxy for a saint, and another as advocate for his Satanic Majesty; when the cause is ingeniously and elaborately, and sometimes satirically, argued—the candidate claiming the office, the Prince of the gloomy realm claiming the candidate—pull d——, pull baker, while his Holiness of the triple crown sits umpire of the contest—this would have been a trial of skill worthy of observation. But this contest is no longer visible. "Procul, O procul este, profani" is a motto daily more brought into practice in the more mystic ceremonies of the Church, and many ancient rites, which used to blazon themselves in open day, at present, like the miraculous portrait of the Virgin in the Church of Annunciata at Florence, seek the friendly shelter of a veil.

Religious ceremonies, celebrated with great pomp, now constitute the principal

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features of the beatification; and the benediction of the multitude from the front of St. Peter's Church is the most striking and brilliant part of the exhibition. The manner in which this was performed I detailed in the notes on the fête of ascension, when I was first at Rome.

On Sunday evening the principal parts of the city were illuminated to express the joy of the public at the accession the corps of saints had that morning received. Rome seemed for the moment converted into Naples, such was the bustle and throng of carriages and pedestrians that crowded the illuminated streets. We gave ourselves up to the guidance of the multitude, and moved in a current through the Via del Corso, Piazza del Colonna, etc., etc., to the Bridge of the Angels, over which a long line of carriages was continually rolling, while old Tiber reflected in a fiery glow the strong glare of illumination that brightened the surface of his waters.

From the Ponte degli Angeli we proceeded to the grand area in front of St. Peter's Cathedral, scarcely bestowing a glance on the Castle of St. Angelo as we passed along. The splendid scene that here presented, seemed to realize the visions of romance, or the fairy fabrics of enchantment. The whole façade of the Cathedral, to the very cross upon the apex of the dome, was covered with thousands of small lamps, so arranged as to disclose the elegant proportions of the structure. It seemed an edifice constructed of innumerable stars, arranged according to the most beautiful order of architecture. The pillars of the projecting portico being illuminated in similar style, the spacious area before it, with its obelisk and fountains, was as light as day, half surrounded by the colonnade in a crescent of brilliant fire, the majestic temple in the center of the crescent. This vast area was the theater on which a multitude of gay and fashionable figures, intermingled with monks, abbés, and cardinals, exhibited their diversified costumes in motley groups. The gentle ascent displayed them to suitable advantage. A long line of carriages, full of males and females gayly dressed, were moving in a waving circuit, the number being too great to return through the passages by which they came, and which were crowded with the multitude in a continual stream.

Processions were daily exhibited on the part of individual churches, and illuminations of different churches, the palaces of particular ambassadors, etc., etc., occurred every evening. One simple but very showy method of exhibiting bonfires or illuminations was practiced. These consisted of barrels of straw or shavings which were arranged round a square, as the Piazza Colonna, etc., and when these were set on fire the staves confined the material and retained the flames so as to render it much more permanent than I should have expected. The reflection of these columns of flame on the surrounding buildings, the obelisks and lofty columns, was very powerful. The processions were of various kinds. In some instances the penitents in white robes had their heads entirely covered with white linen veils, with merely openings for the eyes, large tapers in their hands, etc., etc. The multitude in the streets uncovered and on their knees as the host passed them.

On Tuesday, High Mass was performed by the Sovereign Pontiff in person; but on Thursday, the 28th, the great fête of Corpus Christi was the scene of the grandest procession the church could command, or Rome, even at this period, could furnish. On this occasion all the different orders of priesthood, in their various grades and costumes, the different orders of monks in their peculiar habiliments, the officers of the Church, and civil officers of the city in their insignia and decorations, the cardinals in their robes and miters, together with the Pope in person borne on his palanquin and followed by an escort of cavalry, proceeded according to their seniority in inverted order to the Church of St. Peter. Here the procession opened for the passage of his Holiness, closing successively in rear of him. They entered through the colonnade of the portico on the left to the church. The colonnades, with the vestibules, were hung with paintings in the Gobelin tapestry, and crowded with beautiful females draped out to the greatest advantage.

In this procession I had an opportunity of seeing the various orders of monks in their respective costumes—Capuchins, Benedictines, Franciscans, etc., etc. Among them were many fine and venerable heads, and among the cardinals some

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noble countenances, dignified and commanding figures. The Pope was borne on the shoulders of men, apparently in a kneeling attitude, his eyes bent downward, his hands clasped and reclining on a cushion before him, on which the host was carried. A multitude of lighted torches were borne in this procession, and added to its solemnity and interest. Some ceremonies were performed within the church at the great altar, by the Pope in person.

In this procession the appearance of the spectators was not less interesting to me than that of the high dignitaries and miscellaneous brotherhood of the Church. Previous to the arrival of the cortège, I passed with my companions through the avenues it was to occupy. A lane was formed for it, each side bordered with seats rising behind each other, and filled with handsome females of every different grade, from the princess to the cottage maid. Rome and its environs exhibited on this occasion all their beauties. The windows of the houses and palaces were peopled in a similar manner, and received the further decoration of all the finery their owners could exhibit; rich damasks and costly tapestry hung down from the windows covering the fronts of the houses.

After the ceremonies were concluded, we lingered in the church viewing its splendid and interesting contrasts. But we had already paid it repeated visits. It presents an inexhaustible source for the gratification of curiosity. At present, however, it is loaded with adventitious ornaments, which have a handsome effect in themselves, but veil the more simple and majestic architecture of the building. The walls are covered with crimson hangings of silk, with border of broad gold lace. Silk flags are hung between the arches of the columns, exhibiting in handsome paintings the exploits of saints who have received the honors of beatitude. As these miraculous proofs relate to facts at present of remote occurrence, they are so silly and ridiculous that I wonder they should have been disclosed to the public eye. These handsome streamers of white tapestry—for they seem of that material—should have been held sacred to the private conclave in which the claims of the candidates were tested; for the scene of that judicial inquiry they would have served as appropriate ornaments. In one of these, Saint Somebody is represented curing a sore leg; in another, a pain in the hip, etc., etc., which had resisted the force of medicine. The other exploits of these saintships are in a style equally puerile and ridiculous, but they serve to make handsome paintings.

Handsome effects are produced by kneeling female figures in white and flowing drapery. There are no seats or benches in the church to take off from the grandeur of the *coup d'œil*. Males and females enter and kneel in any spot that strikes their fancies—in a corner, or in the center, on the clean and polished marble pavement.

After one of our visits to St. Peter's Church we availed ourselves of a leisure hour to pay our respects to the Holy Office, or Inquisition, the buildings of which are adjacent and in the rear of the Cathedral. We paced the interior courts, mounted the stairways, and penetrated into the long corridors of the building. Solitude and silence reigned in most of them. We saw occasionally a distant door open, and a priest or abbé occasionally made his appearance and gazed at us as we passed. We were determined, however, to see as much as we could of this once so formidable establishment. We therefore jogged on, sometimes with an air of business, sometimes with the gaze of curiosity, but always passed on, peeped into small chambers and narrow passages, or peered through the casements of large apartments.

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Nature Study

By John Burroughs

I AM often asked by editors of educational journals and by teachers and principals of schools to write or talk upon Nature Study. My reply is, Why should I, who never study nature, write or speak upon Nature Study? I have loved nature and spent many of my days in the fields and woods in as close intimacy with her varied forms of life as I could bring about, but a student of nature in any strict, scientific sense I have not been. What knowledge I possess of her creatures and ways has come to me through contemplation and enjoyment, rather than through delibe rate study of her. I have been occupied more with the spirit than with the letter of her works. In our time, it seems to me, too much stress is laid upon the letter. We approach nature in an exact, calculating, tabulating, mercantile spirit. We seek to make an inventory of her storehouse. Our relations with her take on the air of business, not of love and friendship. The clerk of the fields and woods goes forth with his block of printed tablets upon which, and under various heads, he puts down what he sees, and I suppose foots it all up and gets at the exact sum of his knowledge when he gets back home. He is so intent upon the bare fact that he does not see the spirit or the meaning of the whole. He does not see the bird, he sees an ornithological specimen; he does not see the wild flower, he sees a new acquisition to his herbarium; in the bird's nest he sees only another prize for his collection. Of that sympathetic and emotional intercourse with nature which soothes and enriches the soul, he experiences little or none. Though the sportsman has long since died out of me, yet I sometimes react so strongly against these calculating nature-students that I am glad when my boy takes his gun and goes forth upon the river for ducks or into the marshes for woodcock, instead of upon a biological or botanical cruise. He will get a larger nature, he will get nearer the spirit of the whole, he will have a more intense and personal experience, he will pit his wit against that of the wild creatures, he will have a better discipline for his eye and ear and hand, and when he comes home at night, if he have less science, he will have more love and relish for nature and a free life in the open air.

The knowledge of nature that comes easy, that comes through familiarity with her, as through fishing, hunting, nutting, walking, farming—that is the kind that reaches and affects the character and becomes a grown part of us. We absorb this as we absorb the air, and it gets into the blood. Fresh, vital knowledge is one thing; the desiccated fact is another. Do we know the wild flower when we have analyzed it and pressed it, or made a drawing of it? Of course this is one kind of knowledge and is suited to certain minds, but if we cannot supplement it with the other kind, the knowledge that comes through the heart and the emotions, we are poor indeed.

I recently read a lecture on "How a Naturalist is Trained," and I was forced to conclude that I was not and never could be a naturalist at all, that I knew nothing about nature. It seems, from this lecture, that the best naturalist is he who can cut a fish-egg up into the thinnest slices. Talk about hair-splitting; this egg-splitting of the modern biologist goes far beyond it. An egg is to be split into sections so thin that twenty-five of them will not equal the thickness of paper; and these slices are to be mounted and studied with a microscope. Are the great naturalists really trained in this way? I could but ask. Darwin certainly was not. Darwin was not an egg-carver. His stupendous results were not the result of any "training" of this sort, but "originated," says Professor Eimer, "from the simplest observations that presupposed no scientific character, and were open to be made, with a little tact, by every sharp eye and clear head." A large and open-eyed study of nature and of natural forms, how much more fruitful it is than this minute dissection of germs and eggs! A naturalist is to be trained through his ordinary facul-

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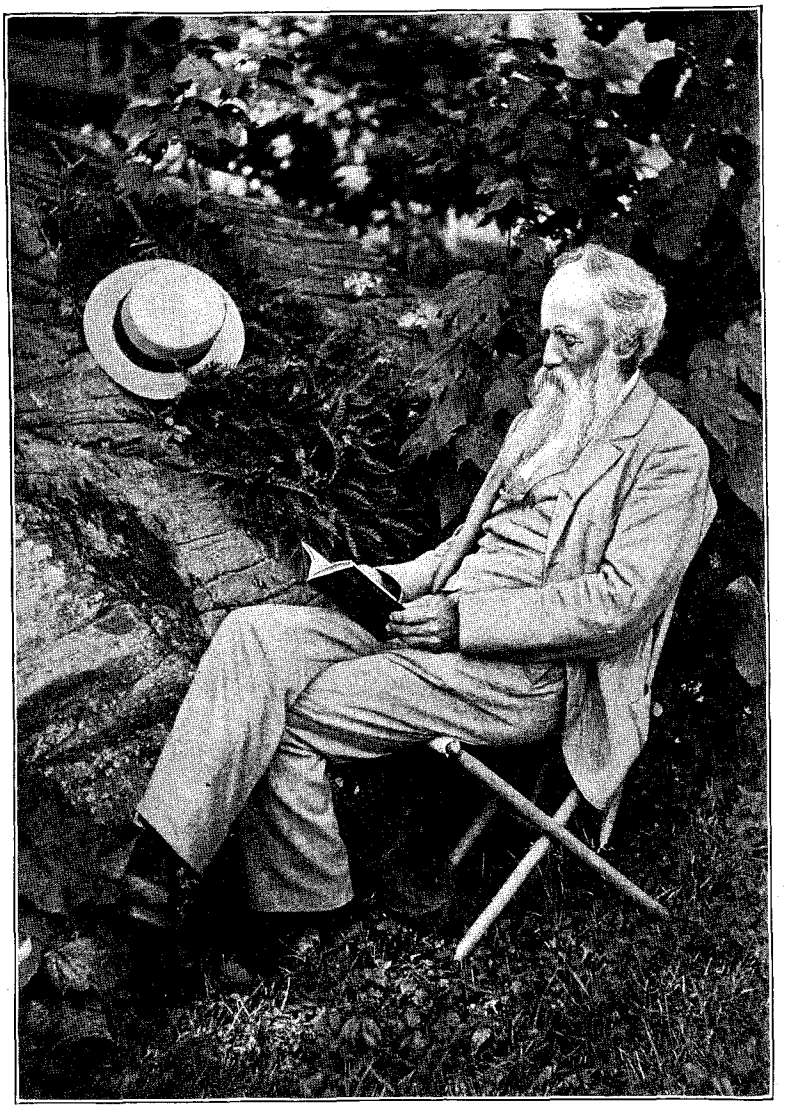

JOHN BURROUGHS

ties of human observation, as Humboldt and Goethe were.

Not long since, in a high school in one of our large cities, I saw a class of boys and girls studying nature after this cold-blooded analytical fashion. They were fingering and dissecting some of the lower sea forms, and appeared to find it uninteresting business, as I am sure I should have done. If there was a country boy among them, I am sure the knowledge of nature he had gathered on the farm was worth a hundred fold, for human purposes or the larger purposes of science, all this biological chaff. Of the books upon nature-study that are now issuing from the press to meet this fancied want in the schools, very few of them, according to my thinking, are worth the paper they are printed upon. They are dead, dead, and neither excite curiosity nor stimulate observation. I know a New York teacher who usually manages to have in her school-room some live creature from the fields or woods—a flying squirrel, a chipmunk, a young possum or turtle, or even a chicken. This the boys come to love and to understand. This is the kind of biology that interests them. The purely educational value of nature-study is in its power to add to our

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capacity of appreciation—our love and enjoyment of all open-air objects. In this way it adds to the resources of life, and arms a man against the ennui and vacuity that doth so easily beset us.

I recently had a letter from the principal of a New England high school putting some questions to me touching these very matters: Do children love nature? how shall we instill this love into them? how and when did I myself acquire my love for her? etc. In reply I said: The child, in my opinion, does not consciously love nature; it is curious about things, about everything; its instincts lead it forth into the fields and woods; it browses around; it gathers flowers, they are pretty; it stores up impressions. Boys go forth into nature more as savages; they are predaceous, seeking whom they may devour; they gather roots, nuts, wild fruit, berries, eggs, etc. At least this was my case. I hunted, I fished, I browsed, I wandered with a vague longing in the woods, I trapped, I went cooning at night, I made ponds in the little streams, I boiled sap in the maple woods in spring, I went to sleep under the trees in summer, I caught birds on their nests, I watched for the little frogs in the marshes, etc. One keen pleasure which I remember was to take off my shoes and stockings when the roads got dry in late April or early May and run up and down the road until I was tired, usually in the warm twilight. I was not conscious of any love for nature, as such, till my mind was brought in contact with literature. Then I discovered that I, too, loved nature, and had a whole world of impressions stored up in my subconscious self upon which to draw. I found I knew about the birds, the animals, the seasons, the trees, the flowers, and that these things had become almost a grown part of me. I have been drawing upon the reservoir of youthful impressions ever since.

Anything like accurate or scientific knowledge of nature which I may possess is of later date; but my boyhood on the farm seems to have given me the feeling and to have put me in right relation with these things. Of course writing about these subjects also deepens one's love for them. My boy is a passionate lover of woods and waters, but mainly as a sportsman; now he is in college, and I see by his letters that he too has discovered that he has another love for nature, and has a fund of impressions to draw upon when he writes his themes. I have never tried to instill into him a love for the birds or woods, but only to give him free range among them, and to let him grow up in their atmosphere. If nature is to be a resource in a man's life, one's relation to her must not be too exact and formal, but more that of a lover and friend. I should not try directly to teach young people to love nature so much as I should aim to bring nature and them together, and let an understanding and intimacy spring up between them.

Winter Woods

By Joel Benton

Home of the blue jay and the chickadee,
  Here come I to your haunts a little space,
  To see wild Nature with her Winter face,
The bosky coppice and the undraped tree.
A quiet satisfaction, full and free,
  Rests on the rocks and ferns and frozen moss;
  Nothing laments Summer's imperial loss,
And even the brooklet gurgles on with glee.
A squirrel mounts a headless bole to see
  What new intruder stalks through his domain;
  What cares he for the pelting snow or rain,
Who can a chatterer or a recluse be?
  Who calls these forest vistas lone or dead,
  When more remains than with the Summer fled?

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THE CHILDREN IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN

The Peeresses' Kindergarten in Tokyo

By Nora Archibald Smith

ONE of the most interesting things in the development of the kindergarten since Froebel's day is the capability it has shown of taking up its residence in foreign countries and adapting itself to foreign conditions. It has begun to prove itself a citizen of the world, in the best sense of the term, and nowhere can it more proudly claim the title than in Japan, the land of "my lord Baby."

There are several successful kindergartens in Japan, the most familiar to Americans, perhaps, being the Glory Kindergarten and Training-School in Kobe, conducted by Miss Annie Howes. Another one, however, whose work is of the greatest interest, is the Peeresses' Kindergarten in Tokyo, which is under the special patronage of the Empress, and is located in a part of the imperial gardens. One of the teachers in this unique educational institution is Miss Mine Morishima, a graduate of the California Kindergarten Training-School, San Francisco; and the illustrations of this article have been sent by her from time to time in delightful reports of her work.

The building for the Peeresses' Kindergarten was erected in strict accordance with plans drawn up by the teachers, and artists were engaged to decorate it and to paint special pictures for the various rooms, such as were considered to be of peculiar æsthetic and educational value. A beautiful garden blooming with flowers and shaded by fine trees surrounds the building, and among other attractions there is an arbor large enough to hold all the children, shaded by an immense wistaria vine. Here the games are played in fine weather; and the picture first painted by the enthusiastic kindergartner, of the ring of gayly dressed children singing under the purple wistaria-blooms, is one that memory loves to recall. Imagine, you who love children, a small human butterfly, with a sleek dark head, clad in a scarlet *kimono* flowered with

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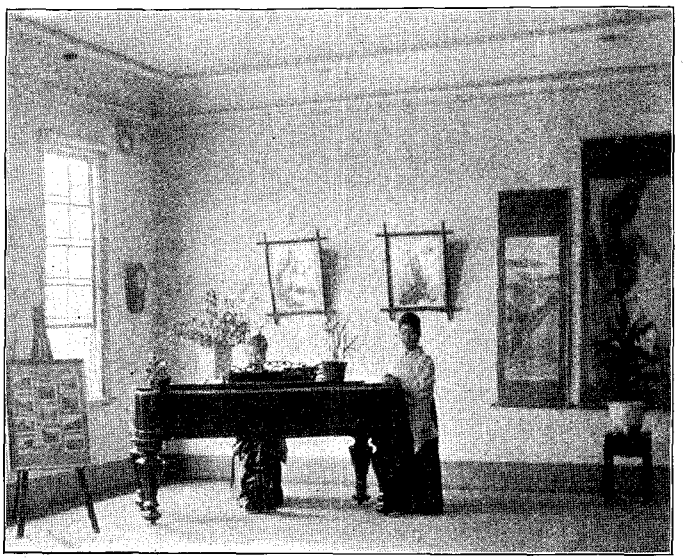
white, the loose sleeves waving from the slender brown arms; or picture a flock of birds in long gowns and sashes of yellow and blue and violet and crimson fluttering about the circle in the dappled shade of the vine-leaves. No doubt even Japanese children, who are synonyms for happiness and docility, are naughty sometimes, but one can scarcely credit it in looking at the pictures of these round-cheeked, bright-eyed little dumplings, as they cluster among their flowers.



A CORNER OF THE PLAY-ROOM

The children attending the Peeresses' Kindergarten are all of noble birth; there is one baby Princess, many little ones from families connected with royalty, and there are numerous sons and daughters of titled generals and statesmen. It would be interesting to compare the manners, morals, and capabilities of these infant grandees with children of the poorer classes, but no information on this point is forthcoming as yet.

Among the specimens of handiwork executed by these small Japanese fingers and sent to this country are three occupation-books illustrating the Four Seasons. The first is the work of children from three to four years old, and shows different colored "New Year's Balls" in circular parquetry, a paper-folding book, a fan of beadwork, a spring flower of colored tablets, a beadwork gourd for holding water, a shawl of folded paper; it closes, as do the other two, with a page of pressed flowers and leaves delicately gummed into place.

The second book represents a class of children of four to five years, and begins with a charming design of cherry-blossoms cut from pale pink paper. Next comes a parti-colored butterfly in beadwork, and then a combination page of cutting and folding, representing a mulberry leaf and several cocoons, made after silkworms had been raised in the kindergarten. There is also a fan (sewing) of unusual shape, a striking though simple page of pine-needles and plum-blossoms (sewing and pricking), a Japanese flag in drawing, and a parquetry top, which, it seems, is a toy used only at New Year's time.

There is another page which is the crowning glory of the book—a flock of wild geese as they sweep across the sky in autumn, folded in soft gray paper in graduated sizes and pasted diagonally across the sheet.

The work in the third book was done by children from five to six years, and still further illustrates the originality and poetic feeling of both children and kindergartner. The opening page shows pink cherry-blossoms floating on running water, and is a combination of parquetry and sewing; next comes a group of dark blue fleur-de-lis, set among their tall, spear-like leaves (cutting); and the third page bears two goldfish (cutting) waving their tails in a highly realistic manner, while they gasp, open-mouthed, in a tangle of seaweed (drawing).

Then follows a page of pressed autumn leaves, a chrysanthemum branch in beadwork, a bunch of winterberries (drawing), the ever-present fans worked out in various materials, two charming paper-foldings representing a crab and a locust, and, last, what is really a triumph of weaving, or perhaps what the scoffer might call a triumph of imagination, a snow-covered mountain with the moon shining down upon it.

Of course we may question how much

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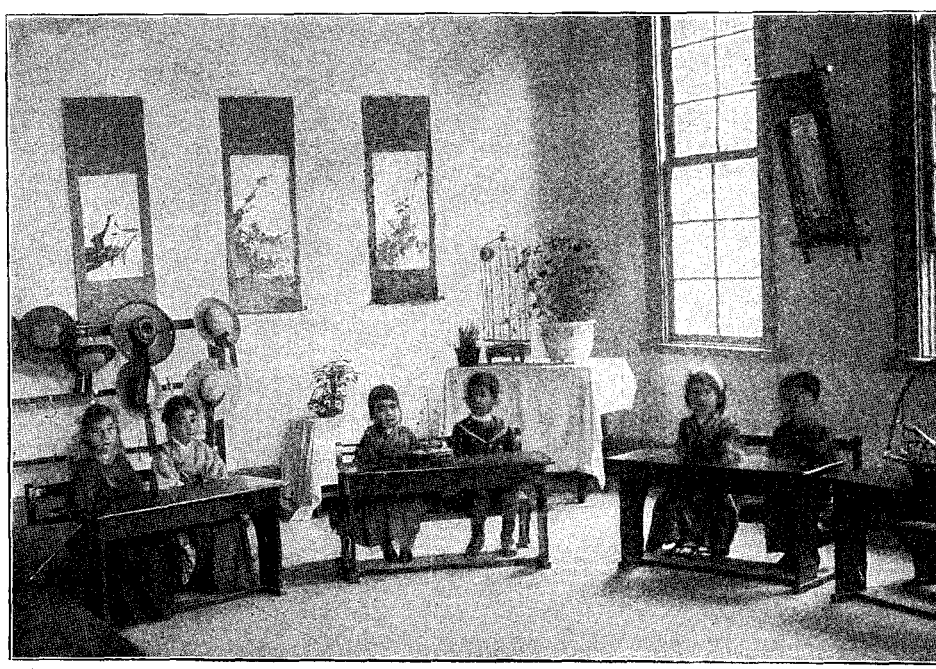
of the originality of this work is due to the child and how much to the teacher, but the kindergartners state that all color-combinations are made by the little ones themselves; that many of the paper-folding forms, for instance, are invented and named by the pupils, and that the suggestions as to appropriate subjects for the seasons came from the ranks in all cases.

The children seem to be especially successful in paper-folding, which is not surprising when we think of their delicate, flower-like hands; and accompanying the books are a number of inventions in life-forms—a dragon-fly, a crane, a crab, and a frog, which are striking likenesses of these animals so often represented in Japanese art. There is a sturdy little horse among them, too, quite capable of standing up on his own four legs, that well deserves introduction into American schools.

Part of the nature-work each term in the Peeresses' Kindergarten is the raising of silkworms; and the children see the whole process, bringing mulberry-leaves to feed the hungry caterpillars, watching them spin their cocoons, seeing the moths come forth, preserving their eggs on squares of paper, winding the silk, and, finally, each one spinning a tiny skein to take home.

There is now a large Froebel Society in Tokyo, organized on Froebel's birthday, 1896, and enrolling one hundred members at last accounts. A general meeting of the society is held once in two months, when some topic previously given out is discussed—the topics so far being connected with the practical details of the work, such as the best ways of dealing with gifts, occupations, games, and stories, for instance. Prominent teachers are also occasionally engaged to give talks on special subjects, and a psychology class has lately been organized as a branch of the main society.

To us in America it would seem that the kindergarten movement in Tokyo was developing most successfully, but the Japanese teachers evidently feel that many drawbacks to progress still exist among them. One of the kindergartners writes in a late letter: "We do not get on so well because we Japanese women are not used to any kind of the work outside until this day but now we are forced to do all kind of the work in and out;" and she concludes with a pathetic sigh, which moves us to compassion here across the water: "I am sorry to say that very few of us take the active part to push through and take the others' hands to go on."



INTERIOR OF THE CLASS-ROOM

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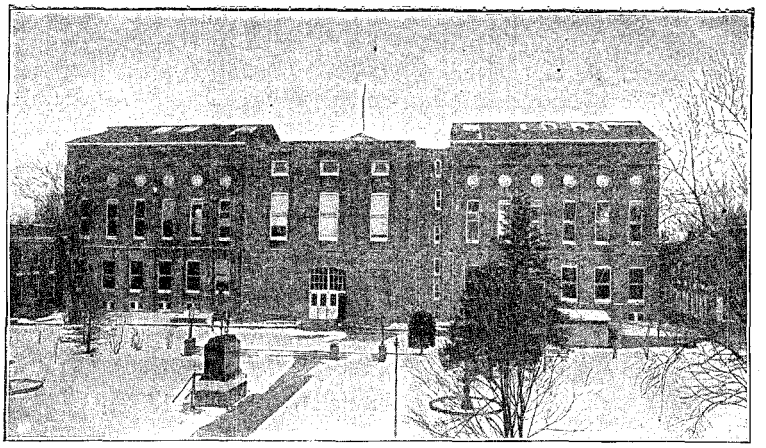

THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA CAPITOL

An Object-Lesson in "Practical Politics"

A correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the photographs here reproduced, says:

"I think you may possibly be interested in the accompanying photograph of the beautiful capitol building which Mr. Quay's Pennsylvania Republican Capitol Commission has furnished for the meeting of the Legislature. It isn't near so good-looking to the eye as it is in the picture. The beautful old Colonial capitol, occupied in 1822, burned down exactly twenty-three months ago, and this is the result of that much time and the expenditure of $550,000. The glories of the inside I cannot show you. The finish includes stained burlap instead of plastering, and elaborate pine and hemlock stairways and conveniences."

Governor Hastings, belonging to the same political party as Senator Quay, in his annual message of January 3 to the Pennsylvania Legislature, says of the new Capitol:

"It is hardly fit for human habitation, much less the official abode of the representatives of the great Commonwealth. . . . There are scores of farmers' barns in Pennsylvania more attractive than this building. It is made of common brick embedded in cheap mortar, looks like a hastily erected factory building, and is repulsive to the eye. It will be more economical and more businesslike to tear down everything above the foundation walls and sacrifice the money already expended rather than to continue the Commission and accede to its demands for future appropriations."

This is the kind of service the people of Pennsylvania get from the "practical" Quay administration in return for the expenditure of half a million dollars of taxes.

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA CAPITOL

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For the Little People

The Fate of Snowflake

By E. Louise Liddell

A dear little Snowflake, with never a care,
  Was lazily floating far up in the air,
When a stray Zephyr whispered, "Dear
    Snowflake, I pray,
  Do take a trip earthward, I'll show you
    the way."

Away flew the Snowflake in Zephyr's em-
    brace;
  Along came a Sunbeam, and peeped in
    her face.
Had foolish young Snowflake not been a
    coquette,
  It's likely she might have been Snow-
    flake as yet.

But coyly she looked on the Sunbeam,
    'tis said.
  He smiled on her warmly, as downward
    they sped.
His glances so melting were not all in
    vain;
  Poor Snowflake fell earthward, a big
    drop of rain!

The Pine and the Willow; or, The Best Way

By Mine Morishima[1]

In a beautiful large garden, among many kinds of trees and shrubs, there stood a tall, fine Pine tree, and near to him, and almost as tall, a graceful Willow.

One dark winter morning the wind blew hard and the clouds showed that a storm was coming soon.

The Pine felt lonesome, as little children often do, and thought he would talk to the Willow. So he said, "Friend Willow, your branches are trembling. I am sorry for you, for I know you are afraid of the storm that is coming. I wish you were like me. I am so strong nothing can hurt me. The frost cannot change the color of my leaves nor the wind blow them off; occasionally some old ones may fall on the ground, but there are always new ones to take their place, and I am the only tree in this large garden that is always fresh and bright. As for you, dear Willow, your branches all hang down, you have no leaves now, and as you are neither strong nor pretty and shake in such a little wind, of what good are you to yourself, or any one else?"

"Dear Pine," the Willow answered, "I do not tremble with fear, for I am not afraid, but God made me so that the wind would move my branches very easily, and that I should not have leaves in the winter time. By and by I shall have delicate green leaves and blossoms, and I thank him for giving me a beautiful summer dress, even though I go bare in cold weather. It must be very beautiful to be as strong and handsome as you are, and I am happy in having so grand a friend."

While they were talking the wind had grown much stronger, and now the rain came pouring down. The Pine stood up angrily against the wind, scolding with a *hiu*, *hiu*, *hiu*, while the Willow bent and swayed to and fro, and all the other trees bowed their heads.

Then the Pine said, "Willow, why do you not push this rude wind away instead of yielding to him; you are cowardly to let him abuse you so, when you might resist him, as I do."

Then the Willow answered, "There are many ways to keep ourselves from harm, and I do not like to resist any one with force."

The Pine was vexed at the Willow and would say no more, but battled with the wind until he could no longer hold out. Then his branches were torn and his top broken off; they fell to the ground, and the proud tree was a sad sight.

But the Willow bent her branches and yielded to the wind, and so was unhurt.

The next morning, when the rain had ceased and the sun shone brightly, the owner of the garden came out to see how his trees had stood the storm. When he saw the broken Pine, he thought it was too bad to have a broken tree in his fine garden, so he ordered the gardener to move the Pine into the back yard.

After a time, spring came, and the Willow put forth her lovely green leaves, and

[1] This story was written while a student in training, by a teacher in the Peeresses' Kindergarten, Tokyo, Japan.

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every one who passed looked at the graceful tree and said, "How beautiful she is, how gentle she seems!" The little birds built their nests in her branches, and soon baby birds came, which made the tree very happy. The butterflies danced around in the sunshine, and all summer little children loved to play in the shade of the drooping Willow.

And when the Pine peeped in from the back yard, and saw how happy and beautiful the Willow was, and how the children, the birds, and the butterflies loved to play about her, he thought, "If only I had been less proud of my own strength, then might I too be standing in that beautiful garden with my crown of leaves, and with young life all about me."

The House a Mouse Built

He was a clever little mouse, who wished to go housekeeping. He found it most difficult to get any material, for he lived in a house where there were no carpets, and where the man who lived alone in the house was so careful that he never left the smallest thing about the house that could be nibbled and made soft for a mouse's dainty house. It became very serious. Cold weather would soon be here, and the wind did blow so hard through the cracks of the house, and there was nothing but the bare, but warmest, corner between the outer and inner walls of the old house for the little mouse to live in. One day the little mouse made a discovery. He found in a box, through which he nibbled while the owner was gone, some lovely pieces of paper which would suit perfectly for the house he would build in the warmest corner. He worked hard carrying the paper and shredding it until it looked like wool. How much he enjoyed that house of which no one knew but himself! On this paper were pictures; whether this mouse was artistic and liked pictures, or whether it was accident that he did not make wool of these corners, no one will ever know, but he left the pictures whole.

One day there was a great deal of hammering, and the poor little mouse in his beautiful house between the walls scampered away frightened almost out of his wits. The hammering went on; at last the men broke through into the very corner where the little mouse had built his comfortable house. The moment the hammerers saw the house they stopped hammering, and the poor little mouse saw that his pretty house created the wildest excitement, the pictures especially. The little mouse had built his woolly house of money the man who lived alone had saved! The pictures were all carefully smoothed out, and it was found that the little mouse had built a house worth $2,000. How much more no one could tell but the miser who owned the money, and he did not speak. The pictures told, at least in part, how much the mouse's house was worth. They were taken to Washington, to the Treasury Department, and redeemed—that is, good money that would buy things that were needed was given for the mouse's house with the pictures. For this money represented so many promises of the Government to pay the people who held these pieces of paper, which we call money.

Flowers for Market

In southern France almost all the perfume is made. How many people are given employment in the making of even one bottle of perfumery is surprising. First the flowers must be gathered, and this employs a great number. In what is called the Maritime Alps, last year there were gathered for the making of perfume-oils millions and millions of pounds of roses, violets, jessamine, cassia blossoms, tuberoses, and orange blossoms. The gatherers sold the flowers by weight, getting at the rate of 4 francs (77.2 cents) per kilogram (2.2046 pounds) for violets and cassia blossoms; less for jessamine and orange blossoms. The oil produced from the flowers is used in making the perfume that we buy.

Besides the flower-gatherers there are the chemists who study how to extract the oils at the least expense. Then the men who do the work, then those who make the perfume. There are the bottlers; the girls who put on the labels and tie the ribbons over the corks; then the packers; and part of another industry are the bottles which are necessary all through the perfume-manufacturing process.

When we know how many people are necessary for the making of a bottle of perfume, we shall always respect it the more and be grateful to those unknown people who help to make the perfume we enjoy.

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